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THE MARTYRED FIREMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Fold gently o'er his silent breast
The honored badge he wore in death,
And reverent lay to peaceful rest—
With tearful eyes and baited breath—
The hero who nor shrunk nor quailed
When bravest hearts from terror failed,
Whog "Backward!" from the tottering wall—
"Back for your lives!" was cried by all.
But he nor feared, nor saw, nor heard,
He would not hear the backward word;
The path of duty lay before;
The fireman's badge he proudly wore
Would blush for shame if one should say
He shrank from danger. "Clear the way!"
Up to the front the hero came
To battle face to face with flame.
One thought he gave to hearts at home,
And eyes that laughed to see him come;
But "Duty, duty!" was the cry—
'Twas duty now to do or die.
He dashed the unbidden tear away,
And foremost led the dangerous fray;
The high wall tottered all adame;
Then, like an avalanche, it came
Down thundering to the quaking ground,
And built the martyr's funeral mound.
A shriek of horror! Like a flash
To work his brave companions dash;
With blistering hands they tear the pile—
Their hushed hearts beating low the while—
And soon with streaming eyes they bear
The martyr to the cool night-air.
Too late! The fatal work is done!
His crown of fame is dearly won;
Crushed by the cruel wall he lies,
Stern duty's latest sacrifice.

The victim of the battle's strife
Lives in our hearts a second life;
But who the unarmed hero knows,
Who, like this fireman, graveward goes
Contented, in a peaceful sphere—
To live without reproach or fear,
To do all that becomes a man,
And fill the grand though humble plan
By Heaven ordained? Shall we forget
The hero whose bruised body yet
Seems quick with life? Let banners wave
O'er martyrs in a warrior's grave;
Here needs no muffled drum nor crape;
Our very hearts to-day we drape
With sorrow, and sit down to mourn
The hero who will ne'er return.
Lay him to rest; his work is o'er;
Nor sins nor sorrows vex him more;
He filled the Maker's grandest plan,
And when he died he died for man.

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;

OR,

A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.

CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

"Well, now," resumed Pierre Rouvenat, in a firm voice, placing his hand upon Edmund's shoulder, "you see the situation; what are you going to do?"

"Ah! I don't know!" cried the young man, turning pale, and raising his head suddenly. "I haven't an idea left," he continued in a broken voice; "I suffer cruelly—everything is giving way about me. Oh! the old beggar was right. I hoped—fool! have outcasts a right to hope? I called her the Fairy of Hope—derision! Mlle. Blanche Mellier is an only daughter, and her father is rich. I was so bold as to believe that I could render myself worthy of her. What audacity! Go on, monsieur; finish your annihilation of me. Man cannot struggle against his destiny."

Unprepared to witness such discouragement, Rouvenat looked at the unhappy young man with deep compassion.

"Oh," resumed Edmund bitterly, "you need not tell me why you advise me to forget Mlle. Blanche; I understand it, I guess it."

"Young man," said Rouvenat coldly, "you might imagine everything without discovering the truth."

"Mons. Mellier wishes a brilliant marriage for his daughter; he will give her hand to none but a rich man."

"You are altogether mistaken. See here, I don't mind telling it to *you*—it is a proof of my sympathy for you. Blanche was betrothed before she was six years old. There, I can tell you no more."

"What! that is the reason?"

"That, and none other. No power in the world could change what has been determined."

"Yet, permit me to tell you, monsieur, that a child cannot bind itself. Mlle. Blanche may disagree with your plans. What if she loved a man other than the one her father and you have thought fit to choose for her?"

"Oh, then, it would be a great misfortune."

"A great misfortune?"

"Yes."

"So, whoever else should be fortunate enough to be loved by Mlle. Blanche would be rejected?"

"Yes, like yourself, like all who have already asked for her in marriage."

Edmund looked wildly at the old man. He was stupefied.

"And you say that you love her?" he exclaimed.

"I know very well that you cannot understand it," returned Rouvenat, with a strange smile; "but I cannot explain it to you; the secret is mine, and I shall keep it. Blanche's heart is and must remain free for some time to come. Now, supposing she already feels some sympathy with you, the impression made on her cannot be very deep; it will soon wear off. You do not wish to make her unhappy, do you?"

"You ask *me* that!" cried the young man—"me, who would sacrifice my life for her?"

"Very well, in the name of Blanche's happiness, which both of us desire, in the name of your affection for her, in the name of your honor and of all that is dear to you, you must go away, never to show yourself on the Seuillon lands again—Blanche must never see you again nor hear your name spoken—never?"

The young man gave a heart-rending groan.

"I do not know who you are, nor do I want to know," continued the old man; "but you might be the son of a millionaire, of a marquis, or of a prince; it would be the same thing. As I said just now, you cannot become Blanche's husband."

Edmund's despondency was pitiable to behold.

"I appeal to your heart, to your generosity, to every good sentiment within you," pursued the old man in a supplicating voice. "The repose of an innocent child is in question, of one who is still ignorant of the things of life. Ah! you would not compromise her future or destroy her happiness; that would be a terrible wrong, and you are not wicked—no, you are not. You are moved; I see the tears in your eyes. It seems to me I am going to weep, too. What a queer feeling I have! You may believe what I tell you—if it were possible, and if Blanche loved you, I should say to you: 'Come, you shall marry her.' But it cannot be. You will go away, won't you? You won't try to see her again? Have I your promise?"

"I shall depart," replied Edmund, with another painful groan.

"Oh! I judged you well," said Rouvenat, taking both his hands; "you have a great and noble heart!"

"Farewell, monsieur, farewell." said the young man in a voice almost inaudible.

He glanced about him disconsolately; then moved off rapidly.

"Another unhappy being on earth!" murmured Pierre sadly.

Blanche had been betrothed before she was six years old! What idea was running in Rouvenat's head?

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO MARDOCHE—HOPE RETURNS.

Poor Edmund had just received a blow as terrible as it was unexpected. Again he was wrapped in darkness. It appeared to him every moment as if the ground were about to sink beneath his feet and drag him down, down a giddy, fathomless gulf.

After reeling on for a few minutes, he left the highway suddenly and started across the fields. Where was he going? He knew not. It was all one to him. Death in his heart, his brain delirious, he began to run like a madman, leaping ditches, springing over hedges; no obstacle, it seemed, was able to check his unrestrained career. He rushed on and on, as if pursued by a troop of invisible demons. His poor brain was on fire, confusion reigned there, and horrible grief continued to gnaw at his heart.

The stroke of one bell, then of another, reached him. They were ringing midday at Fremicourt and Civry. He found himself almost at the top of the hill facing Seuillon. He stopped, and for a moment his eyes wandered over the green valley. He saw the willows and the tall poplars that line the river; then, behind this curtain of verdure, the white gable-ends and red roofs of the farm-buildings.

"All is over. I shall never see her again!" he moaned presently. "Blanche, Blanche, farewell!"

He strode on. To his right stretched the Suerre woods, and before him rose imposingly in their savage aspect the grayish masses of immense rocks piled upon one another; here and there, growing on them, it is a mystery how, could be seen a stunted shrub or a tuft of brambles. These gigantic rocks, enormous stones of odd shapes, creviced, pointed, serrated, frowning, resembled the dismal walls of a mediæval fortress with their turrets, spires, loopholes and battlements. Edmund's eye measured the height of the stone colossus, which, standing since the creation, and sure of its eternity, seemed to cast at man a perpetual defiance. Something irresistible attracted the young man in that direction. He went thither. He sought solitude. All that was gloomy and wild pleased him now. He soon reached the base of the rocks.

"Hallo! good-day, monsieur; how are you?" said a voice suddenly behind him.

Edmund started, and, turning quickly, recognized the old mendicant.

Mardoche, seated upon a stone in the sun, with another stone serving him for a table, was partaking of a modest meal.

"You look amazed," continued the old man. "Ah! you didn't know you were so near my home."

"What do you mean?" queried Edmund, opening his eyes wide.

"Why, that this is my home."

The young man looked about him.

"I see no house," said he.

"But you see this stone mountain," said Mardoche, smiling; "it's my castle. Finding it abandoned to the owls, lizards and adders, I took possession of it. See there that large cleft; it's the entrance of the gallery that leads to my apartment."

"What! you lodge among those rocks?"

"Aye, and I find them very comfortable quarters," replied the old man. "I am as free there as the birds, and need not fear the storms. Besides a grand view, I have the woods before my door—my park, where I delight in strolling daily. I have always loved the woods; they are so silent, cool and shady, and you can dream there at your ease. Look you, as old as I am, there are times when I still feel the need of dreams to cheer me up. The good folks at Seuillon offered me a little room in the shepherd's cot. I accepted it so as not to vex Mlle. Blanche; but, though I have my bed there and means of entering the house at no matter what hour of the day or night, since I have a key, I seldom sleep there; I am more at home here. Some say, in speaking of me: 'He's an old fool.' Well, perhaps they are right."

"Now, young man, let's talk about yourself. You don't mind a poor old man like me being familiar with you, do you? No, I know you don't; you have too kind a heart. Well, have you thought over what I said to you yesterday at Fremicourt? You may believe me, friend, to think of Mlle. Blanche with the hope of marrying her would be folly on your part."

"Alas! I know it too well now," said Edmund dolefully.

"You haven't been to Seuillon?" exclaimed Mardoche, springing to his feet.

"No; but I met Mlle. Blanche on the river's bank."

And, throwing aside all restraint, Edmund proceeded to acquaint the old man with what had happened shortly before. Mardoche listened attentively without interrupting, and when the narrator finally touched on the point of Blanche's early betrothal he raised his hand to his forehead, shut his eyes, and appeared to reflect deeply. But a moment later he shook his head, murmuring:

"I don't understand." Then, when Edmund had finished: "You promised Rouvenat not to see his goddaughter again," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Depart."

"You don't belong to this section?"

"No; and I have no acquaintances here."

"All the better for you, since you have determined to leave. But where are you going?"

"I do not know; wherever my ill luck takes me. Life can be nothing to me henceforth; the future horrifies me, and ——"

"How old are you?" broke in Mardoche, seizing his arm.

"I could not say exactly; nineteen or twenty."

"And you dare to talk like that," continued the old man in a tone half affectionate, half severe. "Young man, you are crazy! crazy!"

"No, I am desperate."

Mardoche shrugged his shoulders.

"Before complaining," said he, "wait till you have suffered."

"But what would you have me become?" cried the unhappy youth in a distressed voice.

"A man!" returned Mardoche coldly.

Unable to endure the mendicant's penetrating gaze, Edmund lowered his eyes.

"Have you a fortune?" questioned the former.

"No."

"Then you have an occupation?"

"Nor that, either."

"Yet you thought of marrying Blanche Mellier!" said Mardoche, half angrily.

"Do not judge me without hearing me. I should have striven to render myself worthy of that happiness. I studied very diligently while in Paris; in three years I could have become a barrister, a physician, or an engineer. In place of a fortune I could have offered Mlle. Mellier a profession, an honorable position."

"Yes; I understand. Very well, my young friend, your path is all traced out. Take courage, return to Paris, and set boldly to work."

Edmund shook his head with a mournful air, and smiled bitterly.

"Life is not always easy, young man," resumed Mardoche, after a short silence; "it has its sorrows and tears for all; there are more cloudy days than sunny ones. Do you imagine that you alone are torn by the thorns that shoot forth everywhere? The rich and powerful, like the very poorest and humblest, have their heartaches, torments, and miseries. Believe me, life is a constant strife; happiness is oftentimes dearly bought, and one must suffer—yes, suffer a great deal—to have a right to repose. To push one's way through obstacles, to struggle, struggle without intermission—that's every man's lot. It is the strong, the courageous, it is those who have faith, who reach the goal. To them the triumph; they have fought, they merit it. You are young, intelligent, and full of the future; and yet you complain and despair! That is neither being strong and courageous nor having faith. Young man, you must have faith. Do you hear? You must have faith!"

"In what?" sighed Edmund.

"In God and your youth," replied Mardoche solemnly. "Ah! you think yourself very unhappy," he went on, shaking his head. "Do but look about you carefully at every step, and you will see unhappiness of a far different nature from yours. Look a little below you—at me. I have grown philosophical; yet I know neither how to read nor write; but, accustomed to be alone with my thoughts in contemplation before the infinite creation, I felt that nature—a book open to every mortal—contained all the great truths. I studied that marvelous book, and now my heart and soul are filled with its teachings. A frightful misfortune had smitten me; albeit, with my trust in God, the wound healed little by little, and I succeeded in consoling myself."

"Then you have been very, very unhappy, Mardoche?" said Edmund compassionately.

"More so than you will ever be," replied the old man slowly. "But you are in question now, and not I, whose days must soon end. I should like to see you become sensible again to hope; and I alluded to my past misfortunes merely to make you fully understand that every human being has his cross to bear, and that, to have a right to repose, to happiness, as I remarked a moment ago, he must have suffered a great deal. What is your name?"

"Edmund."

"Edmund, Edmund," repeated Mardoche pensively.

He had never forgotten that name, and even at that moment what horrible reminiscences it called up!

"Edmund is your Christian name," he resumed; "it was your family name that I asked for."

"I have no family," replied the young man.

Mardoche started.

"My birth is a mystery," pursued Edmund; "I do not know where I was born, and I never knew my father."

"But your mother?"

"I was six years old at the most when I lost her."

"Poor child!" soliloquized Mardoche.

"Do you understand now why I bewail my lot?" sighed the young man.

"Yes, indeed. But that does not warrant the discouragement I see in you. You live in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Why did you come to this section?"

"Why? I'll tell you. It was a few leagues from here, on the road to Gray, one frightful night in December, that my mother, benumbed with cold and holding me in her arms, fell into the snow."

"Dead?"

"No; but unconscious—dying."

"And then?"

"Some mountebanks who happened to be passing that way *en route* to Gray picked us up. On arriving in that town they carried my mother to the hospital."

"Where she died?"

"So I think. No one has been able to tell me."

"This is strange," mused Mardoche. Then he resumed aloud:

"And what did the mountebanks do with you?"

"One of them, the poorest of the lot, a clown, had pity on me. Fearing that his master would make a rope-dancer—in other words, a miserable being of the orphan—he left his companions the same day, taking me with him. Jerome Greluche—that is his name—has worked for me for the past thirteen years; he brought me up, gave me an education, became my father."

Mardoche brushed away a tear with the back of his hand.

"There is my whole history in a few words," added Edmund.

"But how could Jerome Greluche, this worthy man who was so poor, how could he support you, bring you up and give you an education?"

"When the mountebanks picked up my mother she had a leather bag on her arm, which Greluche took possession of unknown to his comrades. Now, in this bag were twelve thousand francs."

"Twelve thousand francs!" exclaimed Mardoche.

"Yes; twelve thousand francs in gold. Greluche confided ten thousand francs to a notary, who invested them. He sent me to a boarding-school at Dijon, then purchased a little wagon, a mule, and a puppet-theatre, with which he roamed throughout the provinces, in order to earn his living and provide for the outlays he was obliged to make for me. He did not wish to touch the money, which he regarded as a deposit for which he would have to account to me one day. He did so well that for the past ten years the interests on this money have accumulated and almost doubled my little fortune. Greluche has been able not only to defray the expenses of my education, but to save up, besides, some fifteen thousand francs, which, according to him, belong to me also."

"Superb, superb!" cried Mardoche.

"In recalling some of the scenes of my childhood," continued Edmund, "I recollect that fatal night which made me an orphan. And since then I have had constantly before my eye my poor mother stretched out in the snow, pale and inanimate. It was with the hope of gathering some information respecting her, with the hope—very vague, it is true—of finding a family, that I came to this section. At the hospital of Gray, where I went, they could tell me nothing. My first hope destroyed, I no longer have any reason to believe that my mother is still alive!"

"Were there no papers in the bag?" asked Mardoche.

"None."

"All that is really extraordinary," murmured the old man. "So," he continued, "you finally left Gray to come to Fremicourt, to see Mlle. Blanche again?"

"No, I was not aware that Mlle. Blanche resided hereabouts, and I did not expect to meet her again."

"Then it was merely chance that brought you to the village-church?"

"Not chance, but rather the need to pray."

"Yes, I heard you. You were not discouraged then as you are now; you still trusted and hoped. But tell me, friend, what was your motive for coming to Fremicourt?"

"I came here on information given me by Bertaux, the innkeeper of Saint Irun."

"Ah!" said the old man, "information?"

"Yes. I should tell you that, before the terrible catastrophe, my mother had spent several days at Bertaux's ——"

Mardoche's head fell slowly.

"He has but one name—Edmund—like the other," said the old man to himself. "He lodges at Bertaux's, like the other. He loves the Damsel of Seuillon, like the other, too. Oh! this is strange, strange!"

Surprised at Mardoche's attitude, Edmund had paused.

Mardoche raised his head again, asking in an agitated tone:

"How did you know that your mother had come to Saint Irun?"

"Another recollection struck me like a sudden light when I was about to enter the inn. On either side of the entrance are two enormous stone dogs."

"Yes."

"Well, I recollected suddenly that I had seen them already."

Mardoche raised his trembling hands to heaven.

"I questioned the innkeeper," continued Edmund. "He recollected very well having lodged a woman and child many years ago."

"Was he able to describe the woman?"

"Yes—tall and beautiful, pale, grave, and with wistful and brilliant eyes."

"With beautiful black hair, perhaps?"

"Yes, she had, he said, beautiful black hair."

"Is that all he told you?"

"No. He told me, besides, that a man of the suburbs of Saint Irun had come to see my mother."

"The man's name?"

"Having been but a short while in that section, Bertaux did not know him."

"And he was not able to tell you what occurred between your mother and this stranger?"

"No; but I recollected that, too. He took me in his arms, placed me upon his knee, and kissed me. My mother sobbed; he wept also. Ah! I am convinced it was he that gave my mother that gold found by Jerome Greluche in the leather bag."

Mardoche was a prey to violent agitation. His mind raked over the past, and, although there were several obscure and incomprehensible points in all that he had just heard, he no longer doubted that the unfortunate Lucile Mellier was the mother of the young man who stood before him. Her disappearance had caused him great surprise, and he had more than once conjectured at least a part of the truth, but never before had he perceived it as fully as now. For all that, he was far from imagining that there had been a secret marriage; he could only believe this young man to be the fruit of an illicit love.

Making an effort not to betray his emotion, he resumed:

"But you have not told me what the information was that brought you to Fremicourt."

"My mother left Saint Irun on a dark and bitter-cold night. Now, Bertaux assured me that, on leaving his inn, she took the road to Fremicourt, pretending to be bound there on a visit. I went there yesterday, hoping to be able to recall some other incident of my childhood, which might give me a clue; but I found nothing. I am mistaken: to complete my misfortune, I found Mlle. Blanche again."

Mardoche drew himself up, with sparkling eyes. He was no longer the same man; he seemed transformed. Unable to withhold them longer, the tears gushed from his eyes and trickled down his bushy beard. He clasped the young man in his trembling arms, and, drawing him to his bosom, said in a vibrating voice:

"Young man, raise your eyes to heaven. The star you spoke of yesterday does not shine there at this moment, but it is there still. Fixed in the firmament by the will of God, it will remain there. You were not mistaken when you said it brought you here."

"Dear me! what do you mean?" questioned Edmund, stupefied.

"A moment ago you were overwhelmed with grief and disheartened; but now drive all gloomy thoughts far from you, and open you heart once more to hope. I said to you yesterday: 'Go:' I say to you to-day: 'Remain.' I said to you yesterday: 'You cannot marry Blanche;' I say to you to-day—*I* say it, *I*, Mardoche, the old beggar: 'If Blanche loves you, she shall be your wife!'"

"Oh! you give me back my life!" exclaimed Edmund, wild with joy; "but, pity, give me some explanation ——"

"Later, when the proper time comes; I can't tell you anything yet."

"But I promised to go."

"You must remain; I have need of you."

"But who are you?" cried the young man excitedly; "what, then, is your power?"

"Who I am? Everybody knows me; I am Mardoche, the old beggar! and still your friend, if you wish it."

"Oh! yes, my best friend, my protector, my ——"

"That will do!" interposed the old man. "And now we must separate; I am going for my usual walk in the valley."

"When shall I see you again?" queried Edmund, grasping Mardoche's hand, intoxicated with joy.

"This evening, at Fremicourt. Wait for me at nine o'clock in front of the church. I have an idea that both of us together will succeed in finding another reminiscence of your childhood. That is what I want to see."

When Edmund had left him, Mardoche turned toward Seuillon with beaming face.

"Ah! Rouvenat, noble soul!" he exclaimed, "now I know your secret!"

"Poor Rouvenat," he continued, smiling, "he little suspects at this moment that it was Lucile's child he drove away this morning—the child he betrothed to his goddaughter in the room in Bertaux's inn, his master's heir, whom he has looked for so long, Blanche's husband, my daughter's husband, whom he still expects!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—REVELATION.

Having made her purchases at Fremicourt, Blanche returned to Seuillon before noon. Rouvenat said nothing to her. She noticed that he was very grave, preoccupied, and uneasy; but as she had seen him thus, off and on, for some time past, she was not surprised, and was far from suspecting the real cause of this fresh attack of melancholy.

The dinner-hour having arrived, they sat down to the table. The two old men and the young girl ate in silence, the aged Mellier immersed, as usual, in his black thoughts, and Rouvenat observing Blanche furtively, and endeavoring to convince himself that the evil he feared did not exist. Several times the young girl discovered her godfather's penetrating eyes fixed on her, as if trying to read her mind, and asked finally:

"Why do you look at me so?"

"Don't I always look at you in that way?" he replied, making an effort to smile.

"There is something in your look that I cannot define," she rejoined, with a charming little pout, and shaking her head.

"Do you find it less affectionate?"

"Oh! no; on the contrary."

"Dear me! I don't know what there is in my eyes when I look at you; but they can't express anything but great satisfaction and love. Yours are like a mirror into which I love to gaze. To-day your cheeks are fresh and rosy as the rose itself; it seems to me at this moment that you are a thousand times prettier than ever."

"True," put in Mellier, who had raised his head and was contemplating the young girl. "Blanche went to Fremicourt this morning. The walk was a pleasure to her, which she still feels."

Rouvenat started, and Blanche lowered her eyes. Without knowing it, Mellier had just echoed their thoughts.

On leaving the dining-room, Blanche said to her godfather:

"This evening, after supper, when we are together in papa's room, I shall confide a secret to both of you."

Rouvenat felt himself shudder.

"A secret?" he stammered.

"It won't be one after this evening," she said gayly.

Rouvenat understood, and his eyes grew dim. He hastened out to the stables, hitched the horse to the gig himself, and started for Saint Irun, where he had business matters to settle. Blanche took up her needlework and went out to the arbor at the end of the garden. She thought of Edmund, and allowed herself to be carried away in the charm of a delightful reverie. Suddenly Handsome Francois, who had been watching, no doubt, for the moment she would be alone, appeared at the entrance of the arbor. Blanche's displeasure was very apparent. But that did not disconcert Parisel's worthy offspring. He entered the arbor and boldly sat down beside her. She attempted to rise in order to leave; but he seized her arm, almost rudely, and forced her to remain seated, at the same time saying in a hollow voice:

"We must have a talk."

"But I have nothing to say to you!" she exclaimed, frightened all at once on feeling the peasant's glittering eyes fixed on her.

"Very well; then I'll do all the talking," he rejoined sharply.

She attempted to rise again, but he held her fast, as before.

"You *must* listen to me!" he said fiercely.

"Well, if you have anything to say, be quick about it," she murmured, looking at him with crushing disdain.

"You know that I love you?"

"Your actions do not prove it," she replied dryly. "You say so, but I do not believe you."

"If I did not love you, my father would not have come to Seuillon yesterday expressly to sue for your hand."

She gave a significant shrug.

"You know what happened," he continued; "Rouvenat and you gave father and me a mortal insult."

"It pleases you to interpret thus the answer given to Mons. Parisel. You knew very well that I did not wish to be your wife."

Francois turned pale and made a wry face.

"Besides," added Blanche, "I do not wish to marry."

"In the meantime," he said ironically, "you have no love-meetings under the lime-trees of Fremicourt, and on the banks of the Sableuse."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, starting violently.

"Oh! you know very well! You were not quite so proud and disdainful this morning, when talking with *him* in the path by the river. Let him beware, too, puppy, fop that he is!" he went on in a threatening tone. "Hark you! I love you passionately, furiously, with —— I don't know how I love you. I am jealous—yes, jealous—and if you loved another—well, I wouldn't answer for myself! Listen attentively to this: I can't force you to marry me, but you shall never be the wife of another!"

"You are mad!" she cried distractedly—"you are mad!"

"You are forewarned," he said huskily, giving her a lowering look.

"Indeed! this is too much presumption!" exclaimed the young girl, drawing herself up. "One would think that you actually laid claim to me!"

"Oh! your lofty airs don't frighten me!" he sneered.

"I have but one reply for your threats and insolence," she rejoined, losing all patience; "Monsieur Francois Parisel, you are a miserable man!"

"It's your own fault," he retorted brutally.

"Mind this," she resumed coldly; "until to-day I only had a dislike for you, which I could not account for; but now, since you have thrown off a knave's mask, I perceive that it is not only a natural aversion you inspire in me, but loathing."

She rose, giving him a look that was withering in its contempt.

He rose in turn, livid, his eyes flashing, saying in a hissing voice:

"You are very imprudent. Are you not aware that from day to day the most passionate love may change to implacable hatred?"

He held the young girl under his gaze like a vulture ready to pounce upon its prey.

He was so repulsive, so hideous at that moment, that Blanche shuddered from head to foot.

"He frightens me," she murmured, "he frightens me!"

She wished to fly, but he threw himself before her, barring the way. She recoiled as if from a reptile, crying in a scoffing tone:

"Oh! this is the man who wanted to marry me! this is the man who pretends to love me!"

Nothing could depict the scorn with which these words were uttered; they struck Handsome Francois full in the face like the lash of a whip.

"Come, allow me to pass," she said imperiously.

He folded his arms and remained motionless, stopping up the entrance to the arbor. A diabolical smile played about his lips, and his burning eyes, fixed on her, glistened like a tiger's in the night.

The young girl patted the ground angrily with her foot, her whole being revolting before such audacity.

"I am quite willing to let you pass," resumed Handsome Francois, still smiling wickedly, "but you must kiss me first."

Blanche eyed him wildly.

"Ah! you could not desist till you had insulted me!" she cried, with indignation. "You must be a consummate wretch!"

"We must come to a little embrace sooner or later," he replied, with a sensual laugh. "And in order not to surprise you," he added cynically, "I forewarn you that what you won't give me I shall take."

Overwhelmed with fear, Blanche darted through the surrounding foliage a look full of anguish, as if hoping to see someone coming to her rescue.

Handsome Francois came towards her, with open arms, and endeavored to seize her; but she escaped from his intended embrace by springing suddenly back.

"Mons. Francois," she cried in a vibrating voice, "you deserve no pity; I shall complain of you; I shall tell my father all!"

"Ah! ah! ah! your father," he sneered; "that virtuous parent is a long way off."

"He is out of his mind," murmured Blanche, more and more frightened; "he is mad!"

"If you are anxious to go and pay your precious *papa* a visit," continued Handsome Francois, with a sardonic laugh, "I can tell you about where to look for him. It is not near here, bless me! but a good daughter like you wouldn't hesitate to go even to the heart of Africa to embrace her father, such an honest man!"

"What is he saying? what is he saying?" exclaimed Blanche, looking at him with stupor.

"Ah! ah!" he went on, "your godfather hasn't told you that, the old mum-jaw! He made you believe you were the daughter of Jacques Mellier. A fine story! And you still believe it. Jacques Mellier has been a widower for over thirty years; he had but one daughter, and that was Lucile, who is dead. As for you, you are nothing to Jacques Mellier, not even a relative. You are here at Seuillon simply because, one day, no one knows exactly why, Rouvenat took it into his head to bring you here. So you see, my dear, you have no right to be so proud, and in asking you in marriage I don't think that I insulted you so very much."

Blanche, white as a sheet, her eyes stretched wide, shaking from head to foot, remained motionless, as if thunderstruck.

"Is that true? is that true?" she ejaculated suddenly in a choked voice.

"Honest Rouvenat, who never lies," he replied in his jeering tone, "dare not deny it."

"And my father, my father?" she queried breathlessly.

"Oh! that's another story. You must have heard about that murder which took place nineteen or twenty years ago, on the road not far from Seuillon."

"Yes, yes, I recollect. A man was killed."

"The assassin's name was Jean Renaud."

"Jean Renaud," she repeated, like an echo.

"This Jean Renaud was arrested and found guilty by the examining magistrates. But the villain spared himself the formality of a trial, and thwarted the executioner by breaking from the gendarmes and being shot dead in his flight. So, if you want to see him very much, the place to look for him is—below—a hot one, eh?"

The unhappy child caught a glimpse of the terrible truth; but fatality prompted her to question further.

"Well, well?" she said.

"Well, since you will have the secret word for word, here it is. You are the daughter of Jean Renaud!"

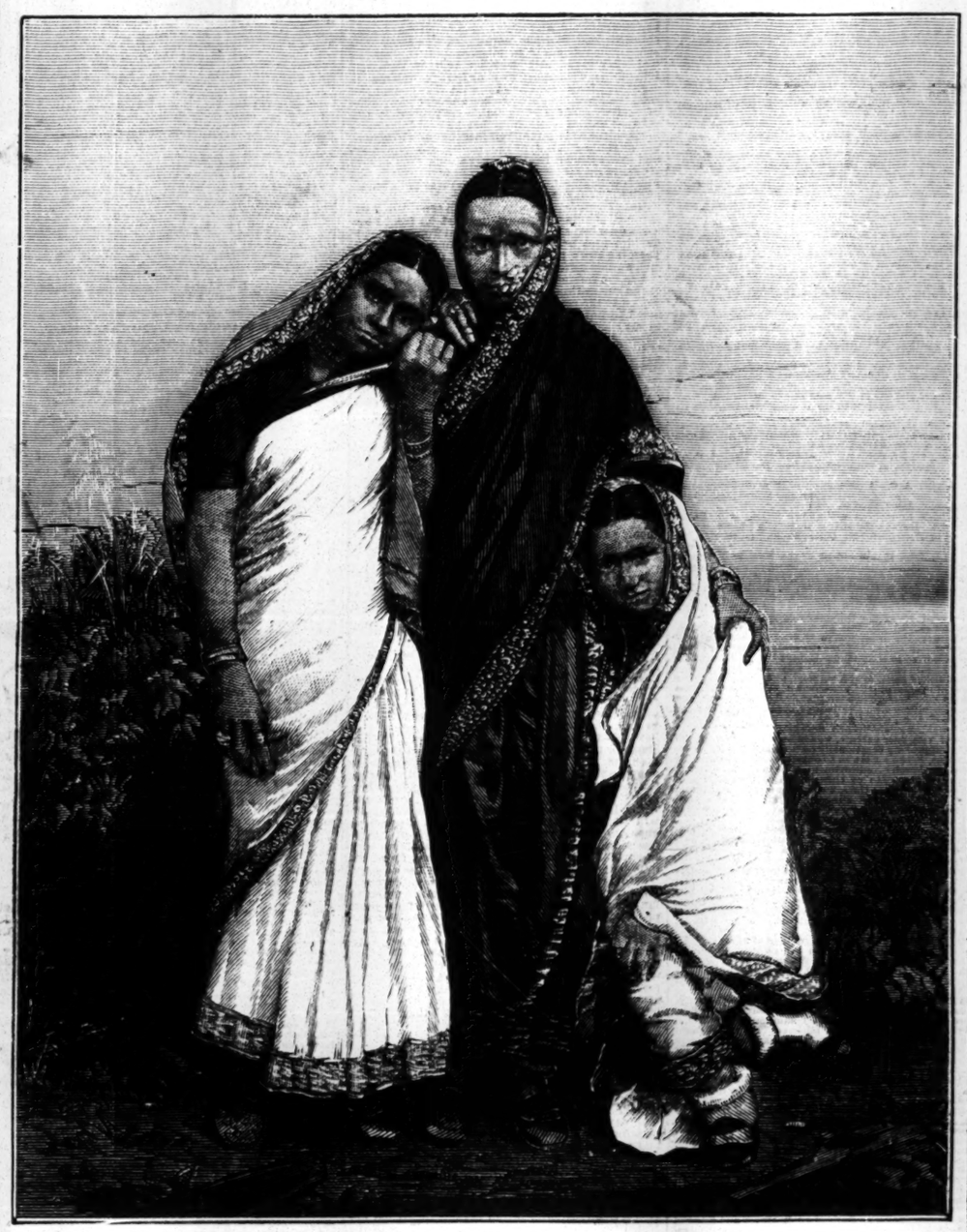
Blanche raised her hands to her forehead, closed her eyes, tottered forward, and fell to the ground, uttering a hollow groan.

The wretch looked down at her a moment with cold and pitiless eyes—pity, no doubt, he had never known, nor any other good sentiment. Then raising his head, he muttered:

"Bah! it won't kill her!"

Whereupon he hastened from the arbor, and, running across the fields, soon disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.



NAUTCH DANCERS.

SAHEBJHAN. BOORIE. OOMDAH.

SKATING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Diviner than wine is this rarified air,
Crisp and keen and withal stimulating;
The weather to laugh, to love, to drown care—
The weather the gods make expressly for skating!

They've given us much to be glad for—the gods—
But nothing in sport so perfect as this is,
Of seasonable pleasures the keenest, by odds,
The sparkling champagne of Winter's blisses!

A sport, did I call it? Ah, yes, but much more—
An art that admits of elaborating—
An ethical science, not studied of yore,
But a science no less, in our modern skating.

If the sound of the jingling sleighbell captures
The ear and the soul by the fun it suggests;
If dashing young damsels go into raptures
At thought of old Winter's joy-giving bequests;

How far more deserving of popular praise
Is the glorious sport, the science precise,
The poetry of steel, the art that can raise
Warm-blooded philosophy out of mere ice!

And then for the rare, the bracing tonic
A turn on the ice affords at all times;
Infallible cure for those ills Byronic,
Which lead to dyspepsia, and often to rhymes!

What poetry lies in a pair of skates!
What volumes of unrecorded romances!
The very decrees of the changeless Fates
(Under conceivable circumstances)

Would need to be altered to suit the fancy
Of some sweet wizard, who thought it nice
To show the power of Love's necromancy
While doing the outer edge on ice!

What melody is there like to the clinking
Of polished steel on glassy ice?
What pleasure, when night's star-eyes are winking,
To the joys of a frozen paradise?

Gracefully gliding hither and thither,
Motion becomes a rhythmic metre;
The soul expands, and the thoughts that wither
The heart give place to the truer, the sweeter.

For a sense of larger freedom comes
With the body's glad exhilarating,
And man more readily solves life's sums
After an hour's vigorous skating!

THE NAUTCH DANCERS,

who are to make their American debut in Daly's Theatre Jan. 18, are Oomdah, Boorie, Sahebjhan (whose portraits appear on the first page), Wazier, and Ali Bundi. The four first named are the chiefs of the party. It is believed that Sahebjhan and Wazier are Moorlees or Temple Dancers—that is, of the very highest class. They all wear nose-rings, but only one earring; also rings on their toes and solid silver bangles on their ankles. We are informed that their dancing is so unlike anything in the shape of motion hitherto seen here that at first it may be disappointing; but it is likely to afterwards charm by its weirdness and originality. Joseph Arthur, who for some time past has been our correspondent in India, and who is now writing a series of articles about what he saw in that country for *The San Francisco Chronicle*, thus describes the Hindoo women of Calcutta: "They are, as a rule, very beautiful, insofar as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion, but fade rapidly after reaching the age of maturity. It is not infrequently that we see women at the age of twenty-five with furrowed jowl and crows' feet visibly encroaching the corners of their large, lustrous, black eyes, and at the age of thirty many have a decided stoop and decrepit gait. This early decline is due to two causes: the very early and tender age at which nuptials are performed, and the destructive influences of the climate. Barring that relic of barbarism, the nose ring, there is no creature more comely, more lovable than a 'Mem Sahib' of Bengal between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Cleanliness is their constant care, which is a virtue to begin with. With figure somewhat below the medium height, and unhampered by corsets or weighty skirt, arrayed in a loose, flowing robe of white, the upper portion of which is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, exposing to view the swelling bust and well-rounded arm, the Hindoo girl is a sight. The upper portion of the body is encased in a sleeveless jacket, generally of some brilliant color, and tastefully worked with silk or gold and silver thread. The arm is bare from shoulder to wrist, save a goodly portion of the wrist, which is encircled by many bands of either silver or gold. The lower part of the ample robe is drawn tightly over the hips and looped at the left side, much after the manner of the entrance to a circus-tent, defining boldly the contour of a faultless figure. These ladies in the matter of stockings are no desultory, as they wear no shoes, and consequently no stockings, and little of the ankle is visible between the borders of their robe and the curious little mirrored toe-rings and resonant anklets. The luxuriant black tresses are parted at the forehead and combed in thick folds behind the ears, which are pierced in many places and studded thickly with jewelry, and fall in close braids over the shoulders. No ornaments are worn in the hair. Their features are regular and delicately chiseled, but too often the nose is disfigured by pearls and the wire-like ring of gold that hangs from the nostril. Their eyes are large and tenderly expressive, and their handsome mouths, when wreathed in smiles, expose a double row of perfect teeth." From another source we glean this description of Nautch dancing: "It has been written of the 'Nautch Maidens' that their dances do not resemble what we are accustomed to call dancing, but consist of light and graceful whirling, most marvelous in its quickness, and sometimes frenzy, and also in mystic weaving, and of subtle, pantomimic contortions, explained by their songs, and in time and theme with the spirit of their music. They have a warm, olive skin, and many of them are even almost fair. Many of them have a figure of great beauty and natural elegance of movement, which their drapery and rich clothing well become. They are the only class of women of India to whom Hindooism allows an education in literature, reading and writing. Four or five of these women, in all their finery and jewelry, and tinkling ornaments on arms and necks and feet, will dance and sing Indian songs for hours; but they do not dance except with their own sex, and heretofore have never been seen out of India. They are divided into two great classes—one called the Devadasi, or 'Slaves of the Gods,' and graded according to the ranks of the families from which they come and the dignity of the temples and the idols before which, distinctively, they are supposed to dance and sing."

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

She is very jealous, is Mrs. Henry Pike, who lives up on Gates avenue. Mrs. Pike has a servant-maid named Maggie. She has in the past frequently chided Mr. P. for being so familiar with Maggie in words like the following: "No man, if he was not on intimate terms with his servant, would say: 'Now, my dear (meaning Maggie), please do this, or please do that.'"

Last Thursday Maggie went to see some friends, and, not returning at the customary hour, Mr. and Mrs. P. after locking the doors, retired. About midnight Mrs. P. was awakened by a noise downstairs. She missed her husband from the bed. His pants, which he had thrown over the foot of the bed, were gone. Mrs. P. listened. She heard a deep bass voice out at the gate sing:

"But, my darling, you will be
All that's bright and fair to me."

"The heartless deceiver!" muttered Mrs. P., as she sprang out of bed. "It's Henry and that huzzy Maggie." Mrs. P. fairly flew downstairs. She unlocked and opened the front door. "You ——"

Mrs. P. fell kersock down the brown stone stoop, six steps at a time. The cause of Mrs. Pike's sudden descent was a wooden mallet, fired by her husband, who had run up from the basement, where he had been getting some water. After throwing the mallet, which he had found in a niche at the head of the stairs, thinking burglars had broken into the house, he pulled his Smith and Wesson and fired into space six times, interspersed with cries of "Fire! Watch! Murder! Thieves!" A policeman who was standing by a lamp-post in front of the Pike mansion, and who had been the cause—by his Byronic blubbering of "Darling, I am growing old"—gathered the scattered members of the household together. Mr. Pike, after a half-hour's talk convinced Policeman 501 that it was all right. He then went to his chamber, where his wife awaited him. What took place between them we are unable to state. Mrs. P. appeared at the breakfast-table next morning with a broken nose, a black eye, a cut in the back of her head, and a sprained ankle. The furrows in Mr. P.'s face would lead an observer to believe he had attended the Trial and caught the smallpox. He had grown ten years older in one night, for his head was nearly bald, and the silver threads are scarce among the gold.

"IF I PUNISH YOU," said mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, mamma?"

A WESTERN EDITOR, speaking of a concert-singer, says that her voice is delicious—pure as moonlight and tender as an old shirt.

IF YOU WANT TO KISS a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

F. D., Philadelphia.—1. You are not necessarily right. We do not see how a referee in a billiard game can declare one player winner in case the full number of points are played out. There is no occasion for a decision, and we have never heard of one being asked for or given in a billiard-match. We guess there is no need for us to give a decision. It shows how much betting, outside of the day's work that is done in pool-rooms, has been done on the Vignaux-Slosson game, that from the outset to the present time—during which periods thousands of questions have been answered, and among them dozens as to billiards—this is the first question received by any sporting paper in relation to the Paris game. The few people who bet on that game, have been asked to pay and *have* paid, have been robbed. This is all we consider the affair is worth. 2. Pool-room rules do not govern outside bets.

G. E. B., East Machias.—The gentleman cannot be Governor in any event. The most that he can be is acting Governor. It would make no difference if he could be Governor. If the bet was made before the Maine election, and even Plaisted's death on the night of election would not have affected it. Betting that he would be the next Governor was only another way of betting that he would get more votes than the Republican candidate for that office on a certain day. For aught either of you knew, the election might afterwards be declared unconstitutional and void. In that case, no voting at all on that day, or had Plaisted died before the day of election, the bet would have been void.

STEVENS HOUSE.—1. The count is high, low, jack, game, three spot, nine and five, in that order. 2 Both sides cannot be out at once, for the reason above given. 3. The mere fact that a player takes in the five-spot with no point in hand, or if his opponent can show in his hand high or low, or can make jack or game, supposing both to have one to go; and it is also obvious that a player can claim out on certain cards, even the five or the nine, without waiting to play out the cards. But he cannot do it if points which are entitled to count ahead of his can yet be made by his opponent.

M. M., Boston.—1. The race between Hanlan and Trickett was for the championship of England. This is as a matter of fact. While not being in fact for the championship of the world, it was virtually for that championship in the sense that probably very few persons questioned while that match was in abeyance that the winner of it, whether he should prove to be Hanlan or Trickett, ought to be able to beat any other caraman extant. The match between Laycock and Hanlan is for the championship of England.

G. W. T., Trinidad.—The statement reads that L bet T two hundred dollars, and put up twenty dollars from which he was to get back all if he won two hundred, and also put up twenty forfeit. It is not necessary for the stakeholder and one of the bettors to agree as to what was put up. The stakeholder ought to know how much was put up in his hands, and his decision should settle it. No such loosely-worded document as that forwarded to us by copy can have weight for a moment against what the stakeholder says.

W. H. H., Newark.—You have brought in question so many things that it would take us some weeks to decide the wagers. First we should have to write to all the manufactories extant, since the price of the same kind of car varies; next we should have to write to Washington and to Newark to get the width of those two streets; and finally we should have to hunt files of nearly a month ago on the prospect of seeing, after all, only "Herr Griebel," instead of his Christian name.

S. H., Troy.—The following papers are published in Minneapolis, Minn.:—*Evening Journal, Pioneer Press, Tribune, Farmer's Union and Tribune, Budstikken, Farm and Home, Freie Presse, Minnesota Staats Tidning, Mississippi Lumberman and Manufacturer, Northwestern Farmer, Miller, Saturday Evening Spectator, Our Young Folks, Western Funciers' Poultry Journal and Stockbreeders' Review, Ariel, Housekeeper, Minnesota Farmer, and Svenska Hem Journal.*

J. N., Glendale.—1. At fifteen-ball pool the striker is not obliged to withdraw his cue when the cue-ball and the object-ball come in contact. 2. A ball "off the table" is one that has left the bed of the table and remains off but for the interference of somebody. A ball that leaves the bed and returns to it again without the interference of any person, even though that ball goes into a pocket and bounds back, is not off the table.

J. M., Brooklyn.—1. There has been no new rule. It requires a dispensation from the Bishop of the diocese for a priest to marry a Catholic to a Protestant. In no other ways by which any couple lawfully married can be separated, but we cannot now think of any by which a couple of those ages can be put asunder without the consent of one of them.

PIKER, Louisiana.—The idea of making calls on New-Year's Day no doubt originated in the Roman custom, established in the year 747, A. U. C., that no gifts were to be given after that day. A difference between that era and this is that the callers of to-day bring nothing and take away all they can get, which in many cases amounts to more than they can carry.

V. S.—As you put them, both "You and me" and "You and I" are nonsense. With enough words added to make something out of them, either can do duty grammatically. Thus, "There is you and I" and "There is you and me" and "You and I are right" would not be wrong; while "You and me are wrong" would not be right, and "Between you and I, both are to be dead-weighted" would be clear enough.

CONSTANT READER, Chester.—P wins if, when the bet was made, there was yet to be throwing, apart from any ties; for 30 won the turkey, even though it was thrown by both parties. But if the bet was made after the two regular chances had been thrown, then it could have comprehended only the throw-off; and if there was no throw-off, the bet was such a case void.

J. S. C., Chicago.—The Tecumseh Club of London, Ont., never won the professional championship of the United States. The Tecumsehs won in 1877 the championship of the International Association, which included besides themselves, the Mapleleafs of Guelph, Buckeyes of Columbus, Live Oaks of Lynn, Allegheny, Rochesters and Manchesters.

C. H. S., St. Louis.—The colors make no difference in the value of flushes in poker. A flush of hearts is worth no more than a flush of diamonds, and it is also a tie if A heads a flush of nine spot-cards of clubs and B holds a flush of from ace to ten of spades.

W. B. S., Silver Plume.—According to the best information obtainable as to the population of Chinese cities, London, Eng., has about three times more population than Pekin, China, and considerably more than twice as many as Canton, China.

K. R., East Saginaw.—1. The man who went out does not deal. It is optional with the one who is next on his left to take the deal himself or make his remaining opponent deal again. 2. A player can give another out in order to make sure that he himself may be next to deal.

T. J. C., Philadelphia.—1. Clocks were invented before the Christian era. 2. State the bet, and also whether it refers to area of factory or amount of business done. If the latter, the clock-makers will very properly object to making their private business known.

M. M., Louisiana.—1. That seems to us like a "leading question" about our private business. 2. The champion billiard-player of America is George F. Slosson. 3. See answers in dramatic columns. 4. Thanks; but we do not desire one.

JACK MCINNISS, Hempstead.—We submitted your communication to "Our Jim." He says somebody has been guying you, as nothing of the kind has ever appeared in THE CLIPPER, so far as we can be judged by the title. Are you *sure* of the name of the piece?

DECLINED.—"What I Would Like to See," "How Ludvig Struck a Snag," "The Donahue Guards," "The Dude Letter," "The Girl who Smiled on Me," "A December Idyl," "The Four Triplets," "My Pretty Tuberose," "When Someone Pulls the String."

J. R.—The United States are so much larger in area than Canada, or than even all the British possessions in North America, that it is not worth while comparing the two. As for Canada alone, it is not so large as Texas and California combined.

W. F., Baltimore.—Assuming that A called out without looking back at his tricks, and as soon as he had taken in points enough to give him out, he won the game, even though the call was on the last trick. A sweep is as valid as any other point to call out on.

E. C. L., Buffalo.—At the call-game of fifteen-ball pool it is proper to call all at the ball and the pocket. Good players usually insist upon both, and they go together unless one is exempted by a special agreement.

J. C., Milwaukee.—It is not necessary at pinpool that a pin should be knocked down in order that it can be counted. Driving it two or more inches from its spot will suffice.

D. P. A.—We know nothing about such private arrangements as may exist between Hanlan and those who have found the money for his matches.

H. M. B., Cleveland.—"According to Gunter" is an expression that is nearly five hundred years old. Edmund Gunter was a surveyor, chiefly noted for devising a chain to correctly measure land.

F. G., Binghamton.—They are colors in one sense, and not in another. They are not cardinal or primitive colors, and in that view they become shades, although colors in popular usage.

W. H. A., New Haven.—The prize goes to him for whom the highest throw was thrown, whether C threw it for himself or was represented, by authority, by D. A and B are the same men.

F. M. S., Des Moines.—We question that black hair can be dyed light, although there is no question that there are processes by which it can be artificially changed to various light shades. Bleaching, for obvious reasons, is not dyeing.

DORNS.—1. The diamond cue, representing the billiard championship, became the personal property of Cyrille Dion a year or two before he died. 2. Neither one of the Presidential tickets had a majority in the late election.

E. C. W., Albany.—It is a piece of rubber attached to the butt-end of a billiard-cue, so that you can kill a man without making any noise about it, or can amuse yourself by hammering on the floor without annoying other players.

BUCKEYE.—1. Richard Lacoste won Ennis' 130 hour race at Music Hall, Boston, covering nearly 426 miles. 2 Wait and see. 3. You can judge from records in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. K., Penn Yan.—It takes two to make a bet. What did B bet A that he could do? Without that he is loser.

B. D., St. Louis.—The best and the third-best card left of a suit constitute the tenace at whist.

L. F. G., Boston.—The count for two sixes, a seven and an eight at cribbage is ten.

W. H. H., Syracuse.—Twelve is even, and so is the number fifty.

H. WOODBURY, Galion.—Sam Collyer the boxer was born in 1842.

O. S. CARROLL, Hayden Creek.—Several are considered to be about equal in point of speed for that distance.

E. T. M., New Haven.—Good Friday has come in the month of March within the fifteen years just past no fewer than six times—in 1866, '69, '72, '74, '77, and '80.

J. H., Syracuse.—What were called betting-houses, designed to facilitate the making of bets, were suppressed by statute in England in 1853.

H. G. H., Carrollton.—Lowell played first base for the Worcesters in thirty-seven championship games during the season of 1880.

H. A. C., Hartford.—1874 was the first year in which THE CLIPPER ALMANAC was published in pamphlet form. We cannot supply the three years that are missing.

L. B. K., St. Louis.—It would be more proper to present the ring immediately after the engagement; but presents of jewelry are often accepted where no ring is given.

A. F., Chicago.—We cannot supply them; but you may occasionally see them advertised for sale through the columns of THE CLIPPER.

DOBBS.—The majority of the Hayes ticket in Illinois in 1876 was about 2,200, or about 17,000 less than its least plurality.

LOU LENDER, Charles City.—He is entirely too young to engage in such competitions. Better let him attend school.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The vast bulk of old coins are worth scarcely more than their face. Address Scott Brothers, Fulton street, this city, for one of their coin-catalogues.

W. S. D., Toronto.—We have not the full statistics as to the divisions of the world's population. The sexes are about equally divided.

J. R. M., Boston.—If the bet was that a certain horse would win the race, it is void. If it was that that horse had won, K wins.

ED. W., Greencastle.—While having but 7,068 majority on the entire vote, the Garfield ticket did have 20,000 majority over the Hancock in this State.

M. T. C., Leominster.—1. C. B. Pratt is the president of the Worcester Club. 2. A manager has not yet been selected.

SOL, Lowell.—To which particular race do you refer? Hanlan has twice beaten Courtney.

JOHN LUX, Clyde.—It was not deemed of sufficient importance.

J. J. CARTER, Saguache.—Address D. F. Foster, care of this office.

E. C. LINCOLN.—We cannot afford the space necessary to do so.

EUCHRE-PLAYERS, Chicago.—A and C divide the stakes between them, they having gone out on their euchring of B.

S. E., Boston.—S is right. There is no difference between color-blindness and Daltonism.

R. F. D., Meriden.—The great fire in Hamburg, Germany, occurred in MAY, 1842.

F. R., Baltimore.—There is no run in 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, for either the two or the second three.

F. J., Harrisburg.—The best runs at billiards are to be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881.

CONSTANT READER.—Inquire at the office of the company. We keep no record of lottery drawings.

J. B. C., Cairo.—The difference in time between this city and St. Louis is about sixty-five minutes.

E. H., Fishkill.—B is wrong. The taking-in of points does not entitle them to precedence in counting out.

NO SIGNATURE.—The play being 4, 2, 6, 3, 5, there is a run of five for the five.

J. S., Rochester.—We will endeavor to decide the bet if you will state exactly what it is.

G. A. W. M., Evans.—Address Harry Jennings, Broome street and Centre Market place, this city.

O. H. AND M. S., Cleveland.—It is optional with C to take the deal or to make A deal again.

DOONDEN, Waltham.—John Morrissey was born on Feb. 5, 1831; John C. Heenan May 2, 1834.

C. L. CLIST.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

RICHARD LAMB, Providence.—There is no such work published.

DAVIS, Angel Island.—Have answered you by mail.

W. O'H., Iowa City.—We do not know where he was born.

W. J. H., Providence.—See tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

S. A. B., Wilmington.—See Ed. James' advertisement.

INQUIRER, Savannah.—Sancho goes out before pedro.

AN ATHLETE.—See the tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

F. D. C., Columbus.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

PAD, Brooklyn.—There are twenty in 9, 9, 8, 8, 7.

O. E.—State the bet, if our decision is required.

W. Z. D.—A, who actually played, loses.

REALISM.

The trouble with making everything else subordinate to realism on the stage, which appears to be a growing custom in our modern theatres, is that the real is too often unworthy to be introduced into art. We suppose that the enthusiasts in this school define realism as nothing more than another name for strict fidelity to nature. It is the essential element of their system to present truth with naked severity. What, they triumphantly ask, can be a higher form of dramatic art than to reproduce humanity precisely as it exists—precisely as we see it and come to know it in every-day life? Self-complacently, they take for the corner-stone of their creed that purpose of playing which Hamlet described as its end—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature—and with this they are prepared to answer all possible objections to their theory. Is it desired to represent a thief or a drunkard or a courtesan? The disciple of realism does not content himself with drawing on his imagination for the character, nor yet on that general knowledge of human nature which the ordinary experience of life imparts. Instead, he goes forth into those special haunts of sin frequented by the particular species of evil-doers it is desired to depict, and there he makes a study of the character, searching in its accuracy, microscopic in its detail. If it be necessary, he follows the thief in one of his midnight expeditions, attends his trial, dogs him to the prison, and would even accompany a murderer to the gallows, if there seemed a certainty of some new development on the voyage. The drunkard he keeps under close surveillance from the moment when he tastes his first glass of wine to the hour when he dies of delirium-tremens in a public hospital. The precise quantity of brandy consumed, the medical treatment to which the poor wretch is subjected, the despair and frenzy and pitiable helplessness of the victim—all these and a hundred other minutest details are observed and made note of by the student of realism. With the same keen scalpel and powerful lens he enters the boudoir of the courtesan, ready to analyze and lay bare every working of the soul, to bring under the magnifying-glass every psychologic change, every twinge of remorse, every yearning after a purer life. With this material carefully indexed, assorted and arranged, the realistic playwright sits down to the construction of his drama. The most hideous forms of vice, the most disgusting phases of crime are introduced in every scene. Nobody can take exception to the fidelity to nature displayed in the work. Nobody can say that the drunkard in the realistic play does not die as horrible a death as the drunkard in the public asylum; nor that Magdalen does not pay as terrible a pennance for her misstep behind the footlights as in the drama of life. But here it is that we would enter our protest against this sort of thing. We deny flatly that the end of art is merely to reproduce with photographic correctness certain deformities of nature which would be much better left alone. It is real enough, Heaven knows; but as we said at the outset, it is that kind of realism which is not worthy to figure in art. It may require a great deal of practice and study to enable a man to depict the horrors of delirium-tremens, and to stretch out his agony through an entire scene in a play. But why should he do it? People don't want to see the delirium-tremens on the stage. It may be a piece of acting which holds the mirror up to nature never so truthfully—its very fidelity makes it all the more disgusting. Dramatic art, at its best, is something many degrees higher than the mere reproducing of what in nature is essentially coarse and repulsive. No matter how perfect the stage representation may be, no matter how true to the original, assuming that the original itself is hideous and ungainly, the mimic scene can afford very little satisfaction to the spectator.

When your advocate of realism would glorify his method above all else that enters into stage representation, it might be well to remind him that the highest type of art have been regarded the creative. One original creation is more than a thousand imitations, viewed as indicative of genius. It is very true that there may be realism in original work; but there it is made subservient to other and higher conditions. We have made wonderful progress of late years in the production of plays on the stage; in mounting and setting and costuming; in mechanical effects and appropriate scenery; in imparting, in short, a flavor of flesh-and-blood existence to the too often skeleton-like exterior which formerly characterized the material form of the drama. But, while we have done all this, we should remember that there is danger of carrying our realism too far. It can never bear more than the relative importance of the frame to the picture. A fine painting may gain a great deal from a fine frame; but, while it is possible to enjoy the picture without any frame at all, it should be remembered that a frame without any picture at all is a pretty unsatisfactory thing.

"THE BLACK VENUS" did not set 'em wild last week at Niblo's Garden, nor did the menagerie startle 'em with its ponderousness. The trouble with these spectacles is that the managers try to cram them with incidents and things sufficient to last two nights; so that by the time the spectator has kept up till one o'clock or so he wants to go home, and thereby misses "the last scene of all." This "Black Venus" is not likely to wean us from our allegiance to the white Venuses of "The Black Crook."

TURNING the tables. It has been charged against Bernhardt that she has four children and no husband. We do not believe that she has so many, by a large majority; but our belief is neither here nor there. Marie Colombier, one of the ladies in her train, has written to Paris a letter in which she thus strikes back at the slanderers of Sarah: "The American women have no children. No! there are remedies for such evils. But by way of compensation they have husbands—as many as you like."

JUSTICE must have removed the bandage from her sore eyes recently, for a woman was hung for murder in Newark, N. J., a few days ago; and on Jan. 14, in Maine, a boy only nine years of age was sentenced to imprisonment during his minority. The little fiend killed another small boy, but the worst of it was the boy-murderer was about to bury his victim before the latter was dead. Justice had better keep the bandage off, and go it blind no more.

VENNOR, the Canadian prophet, says that "the middle of this month will bring snowfalls which will terminate in milder weather towards the end of the third quarter. This thaw, which will be interrupted by a brief cold spell, will extend from about the 18th of the month into February." Our friends had better get out their boats and waterproofs.

THE PLAY OF "FORGET-ME-NOT" seems to have been well sold by its authors, as also do those who have purchased it; for now steps forward a gent who claims that he bought it of Messrs. Grove and Merivale a number of years ago, when Lester Wallack was a walking-gent and Genevieve Ward a very youthful prodigy.

OUR proposed big show is beginning to take root and assume some sort of form. Gen. Grant has been elected president; but so far no disposition has been made of the other "privileges." "Our Jim" is pulling the wires in the hope of securing the sole right to sell pop-corn on the premises.

THIS is a bad season for Tricketts. Out in Australia another of the lengthy family has been Rush-ed past. It may perhaps be necessary to add that the victorious oarsman is named Rush, while the other Trickett was christened William.

ELECTRIFIED.—The people far and wide were struck as if by lightning last week when public announcement was made of the union of the various telegraph companies in this country. It's a strong combination, and at once takes to the road.

WHAT has this country done to deserve it? France has just shipped over here a lot of old mares of uncertain pedigree and stallions of doubtful morality, to be sold at auction.

IN THE CONTEST for U. S. Senator for Pennsylvania did Don Cameron favor Mr. Oliver because of the little misunderstanding the Don's father once had with *Mrs.* Oliver, the widder?

SARAH BERNHARDT fainted on the stage while playing in Chicago last Friday night, and it wasn't a stage faint either. Sarah is getting into our ways more and more every day.

THE SILENT MAN.—Frederick Paulding was credited with doing this character in "Salviati" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre last week. If he only *had* been a silent man.

THE MAN who "was not born to be hung" was executed on Friday, Jan. 14. Reinhardt did his quietus make in a hard rain.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is going off like hot buckwheat cakes on a cold day. No family can be happy without it.

WE SEE IT STATED in the newspapers that "Carl Schurz is being shown up." That is probably but another way of saying that there is more public washing of unclean linen—because Schurz is pronounced "shirts."

THERE SEEMS to be "a little something" in "The Cup" that the poet-laureate has just proffered all London. Henry Irving takes to it as naturally as a duck to water.

THE FIAT of Nevada has gone forth by a vote of 17,259 to 183. She says that the Chinese shall not come. The 183 must feel just a little bit lonely.

CURLING is more popular indoors than out. In the former, ladies are the players; in the latter, Scotchmen look upon it as a big thing on ice.

AS IF the present Winter were not cold enough! It is proposed to give us New-Yorkers a season of German opera next Winter.

ALREADY we hear threats of a famine in ice next Summer.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARRIVABENE, Count Giovanni—A noted Italian statesman and author—cable dispatch dated Jan. 12.

ALLEN, A. J.—Member of the City Council of Danville, Va.—there, Jan. 12.

BARTLETT, Rev. Dr. Dwight K.—Pastor of the Second Reformed Church at Albany, N. Y. He was graduated at Union College, where he afterwards remained as tutor from 1855 to 1858, inclusive. He then went to Princeton Theological Seminary, and graduated from that institution also, and subsequently was in the pastorate at Rochester and at Albany—here, Jan. 11, aged 48.

BROWN, J. B.—One of the wealthiest and most prominent residents of Portland, Me.—there, Jan. 10, aged 77.

BAER, John W.—A political stump-speaker and singer, who had been widely-known for forty years past as the "Buckeye Blacksmith"—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12.

BATEMAN, Mrs. H. L.—Actress—See Drama.

BARRY, Sir Redmond—An eminent Australian Judge, who had occupied many positions of honor. In 1876 he was Australian Commissioner to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition—Victoria, recently, aged 77.

BELDEN, William—Gen. Garfield's stepfather—Byron, Mich., Jan. 14, aged 70.

CONDIT, Caleb H.—A well-known architect of Newark, N. J.—there, Jan. 13.

CLEMENT, Charles R.—General baggage-agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—Philadelphia, Jan. 8, aged 41.

DIBSON, William—One of the oldest Mississippi steamboat captains, and very well-known from St. Louis to St. Paul—Dubuque, Ia., Jan. 9, aged 65.

DUNCAN, John A., well-known cattle-dealer—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 13.

DUPUY, Eliza A.—Authoress, who had long been a contributor to story papers—New Orleans, recently.

EVANS, Wyndham—Who held many positions of honor and trust in Trenton, N. J., where he had been a Justice of the peace for fifty years—there, Jan. 15, aged 89.

FOWLER, Calvin, A.M.—Professor of Mathematics in Lehigh College. He was the editor of an edition of Webster's Dictionary, and author of a treatise on the English language and of several literary and historical works. In 1864 he was a member of the Connecticut Senate—Durham, Ct., Jan. 15, aged 87.

FITHIAN, Dr. Joseph—A prominent physician of Woodbury, N. J., where he had practiced for more than half a century—Woodbury, Jan. 9, aged 86.

GALLAGHER, Mrs. Bridget—A centenarian—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 11, aged 107.

GRAHAM, John—Register of Bankruptcy at Morris, Ill., and formerly County Judge—Morris, Jan. 10, aged 70.

HYDE, Alexander—A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and one of the best-known farmers and writers on agricultural topics in the country—Boston, Jan. 11, aged 60.

HOTCHKISS, Russell—At one time a prominent resident of New York, but who had resided in Illinois since 1863, and had since resided in this city—here, Jan. 11.

HILL, Rev. Dr. Benjamin M.—The oldest Baptist minister in the State of Connecticut—New Haven, Ct., Jan. 15, aged 90.

HOWARD, A. C.—A prominent resident of Townshend, Ct., which he had represented in the State Legislature—Townsend, Jan 9, aged 68.

KURTZ, T. Swords—A well-known publisher of Baltimore, Md. He was for many years publisher and proprietor of *The Lutheran Observer*—Baltimore, Jan. 9, aged 62.

LIELL, John H.—President of the New York Mutual Marine Insurance Company, with which he had been connected since 1838—Englewood, N. J., Jan. 8, aged 72.

LEACH, James O.—Postmaster of Ballston, N. Y.—there, Jan. 13, aged 69.

LIGON, Thomas W.—Ex-Governor of Maryland. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia and of the Yale Law School. In 1841 he was elected to the State Legislature, and from 1845 to 1848 he was a member of Congress. In 1853 he became Governor of Maryland, and after 1856 lived in retirement—Ellicott City, Md., aged 69.

LECARPENTIER, Alexandre—French author. He enjoyed a distinguished position as a botanist, and it was only three weeks after returning from a scientific exploration of Senegambia and Western Soudan that he died. Lecarpentier from his fatigues and sufferings occasioned by African travels—France, recently.

MOSSON, Michel—French novelist. He was born at Paris of very poor parents, and in his youth a restaurant waiter, appearing occasionally on the stage as a lay-figure in dances, became clerk in a bookstore, and subsequently a working jeweler, improving his time in private study to such advantage as to be appointed in 1830 as a contributor to *Figaro*, writing at the same time humorous articles for other papers. He had already, in 1822, written a play, "The Conjurer's Dream," which was followed in 1824 by "Les Noces de Gamache," and both departments his subsequent career was a prosperous one—Paris, France, aged 80.

MARSHALL, Ethelbert A.—At one time a widely-known theatrical manager—Jersey City, Jan. 10, aged 71.

MONIES, Colonel W. N.—A prominent resident of Scranton, Pa., where he had served a term as Mayor. He was at one time Treasurer of Lackawanna County. He was Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers during the late war—Scranton, Jan. 10, aged 54.

MEYER, Conrad—One of the oldest manufacturers of pianos in the United States—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 13, aged 88.

NOTT, Benjamin—Formerly a resident of Albany, N. Y., where he filled with distinction the position of Judge. He had attended the wife of President Van Buren at Kinderhook, East Orange, N. J., Jan. 10, aged 80.

RIEKE, Chas. H.—A well-known drygoods merchant of Pelham, N. Y., recently.

SWEETSER, Samuel—A retired merchant of this city. He took an active part in the Battle of North Point, Md., where General Ross, the British commander, was killed, and the defeat of the British followed. He commenced business in Baltimore as a drug merchant seventy years ago—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 8, aged 89.

SCOTT, Mrs. Nancy—A centenarian—Franklin County, Pa., Jan. 7, aged 100.

STUART, Charles Edward—Count D'Albanie. His father, James Stuart, Count D'Albanie, is believed by many to have been the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," as he was called. He was born June 4, 1799, and married in 1822 Anne Louise of Colonel Hay, and a granddaughter of the Hon. John Beresford, second son of Marcus Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, and brother of the first Marquiss of Waterford. The late Count was a man of great power, being author of prose and verse—on steamer near Bordeaux, France, Dec. 25, 1880.

STEPHENSON, R. H.—At the time of his death Collector of Customs at Cincinnati, a place he had held for fourteen years. He was a native of New Hampshire, and went to Cincinnati many years ago. He began the study of law in company with Rutherford B. Hayes and Edward F. Noyes, and later became a partner with Noyes—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 13, aged 64.

TURNER, Malcolm C.—A retired banker of this city—here, Jan. 9.

VATTIER, Dr. John L.—One of the best-known and oldest physicians in Cincinnati. His father was one of the pioneers of this city. The deceased graduated from the Ohio Medical College in 1836, was Postmaster of Cincinnati under Pierce and Buchanan, was a member of the State Senate, and held several minor county offices. He was president of the first street-railroad ever constructed in Cincinnati, and a director of several public humane institutions and a Commissioner of the Surplus Fund under President Jackson—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 13, aged 72.

WEAVER, Jacob—An ex-Sheriff of Lehigh County, Pa.—Allentown, Jan. 9, aged 70.

WILLISTON, George H.—A leading and pioneer resident of Janesville, Wis. He had served several terms as Register of Deeds and as City Clerk. He was one of the earliest Aldermen, was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and afterwards of the State Assembly—Janesville, Jan. 9

THE TRIGGER.

NEWARK RIFLE-SHOTS.

The regular monthly tournament of the Associated Rifle Clubs of Newark, N. J., was held at the Frelinghuysen range on Jan. 12. The affair proved to be highly interesting, and, owing to a little dissatisfaction that existed after the December tourney, this was looked to as a decidedly close affair. Seven clubs were represented by teams consisting of ten men each, every member of all the teams made very creditable shooting, and general satisfaction was the result. The Essex team won by one point, or the Monroe Club. The other clubs are as follows: Amateurs, 448; Frelinghuysens, 440; Washingtons, 434; Plymouths, 415; Barnard, 356.....A match took place between the second teams of the Amateurs and Frelinghuysens Jan. 13, and resulted in a victory for the Amateurs. Their score was 428. The Frelinghuysens scored 395.....The Amateur Club held its annual meeting Jan. 14, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. C. Goraner; vice-president, Harry Montgomery; secretary, Rolla H. Hilton; treasurer, J. S. Tobin; delegates to Association, Wm. Hays and W. C. Goraner; shooting-masters, Wm. Hays and Wm. McLeod.

THE TURF.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB.—On Jan. 1 the entries for the stakes of this club closed, with the results herewith shown: Alexander Stakes, half-a-mile dash, forty-five entries; Louisville Ladies' Stakes, half a mile, forty-five entries; Tennessee Stakes, fifty-six nominations; Tobacco Stakes, mile-heats, forty-five entries; Louisville Cup, sixteen entries; Merchant Stakes, thirty-nine entries.

JOHN MURPHY'S RELIABLE defeated John Quinn's Lady Quinn in a trot to sleighs, for the wine, on Jerome avenue, from the Arcularius House to Gabe Case's on Saturday, Jan. 15. No time taken.

LITHOGRAPHS of Maud S. and St. Julian, with their drivers, have just been issued by Z. A. Smith, whose address find in our business department.

THE SAVANNAH (GA.) JOCKEY CLUB will hold a race-meeting Jan. 18, 19, 20, three events being decided each day.

SUCH SPLENDED SKATING as New-Yorkers and Brooklynites are now enjoying has not been at command for several years past. The ice on the Park lakes, both at Central and Prospect Parks, is over a foot thick, and that, too, of clear, glittering crystal. Thus far up to Jan. 17 the skating days at Central Park have been Dec. 24, 25, 26, 28, 30 and 31, and Jan. 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15, 16 and 17. At Prospect Park the sport began on Dec. 12, and that Park is some ten or twelve ahead of Central in the number of days' skating. The crowds that turned out on all the Park lakes on Sunday last were unprecedented, the weather and the ice being so propitious for a full enjoyment of the sport. At Central Park, however, there was a drawback to the enjoyment in the injuries several of the skaters sustained. Frank A. Taylor, aged eighteen years, of No. 225 West Thirteenth street, split his right knee-cap, and was taken to Roosevelt Hospital. Henry Maher, sixteen years, of No. 331 West Houston street, was terribly cut in the right leg by the skate of another young man, with whom he collided. He was taken home by his friends. James McMahon, twenty years, of West Thirty-fourth street, was thrown by tripping in a crack in the ice, and broke his ankle. He also was taken home. During the week the noted skaters Eugene B. Cook, John Engler, George Plimpton, Will McClure and Silas Benson were on the ice at the Park; also Messrs. Burr, Story, Sutton, Gibson and Phillips. On Saturday next there is to be a skating race at the Windsor Rink, the entries being George Phillips, Charles Piaff, S. Montgomery, G. Sherwood, L. Fessenton, P. Ryan, L. Bacon, J. Cudlipp and Henry Hamburg.

A COCKING MAIN will be fought in New York State Jan. 28 between Pat Carrol and Billy McGonigal, both of Philadelphia, for $500, each to show seventeen cocks, from 4h 4oz. to 6h and fight all that fall in.

CHAS. W. BANCE of the St. George Cricket Club of this city batted in fine form for 53 runs on Oct. 4 last, when he was opposed to the effective bowling of George Wright and Dutton of the Longwood Club of Boston, Mass. The game in question was decided by the result of the first inning, and Bance's score of 53 was made in the uncompleted second inning, and consequently was omitted last week from our list of individual innings of 50 runs and upwards made during the season of 1880.

THE COMMERCIAL PLEASURE CLUB announce that their annual ball will be held Jan. 24 at the Uptown Assembly Rooms, Third avenue and Fifty-fifth street, this city.

BILLIARDS.

THE MYSTERY THICKENS.

The Parisian thus describes the inning as to which there has been such an ado on this side of the Atlantic:

Small scores were made on both sides to the 9th inning, when a circumstance occurred which will long be remembered with regret by all lovers of fair play. At his forty-eighth shot Vignaux made a stroke, but according to Slosson failed to cannon. Vignaux maintained that he had counted, when a disgraceful scene followed. The friends of Vignaux shouted and literally howled, crying out: "Play on, the cannon is made," etc. The umpire, who, from what we could see, appeared to be persuading Vignaux not to insist, said to the public, as soon as he could make himself heard, that *"he had not seen the shot!"* What was the umpire there for! What was to be done? The only man that should have seen the shot had not seen it! Slosson prepared to play, but Vignaux grabbed at his cue to prevent him. Then there was more discussion, until Slosson, who can now say with feeling "save me from my friends," took the advice of one of the many people who were worrying him, and instead of doing as he ought—laying down his cue, and refusing to continue—allowed Vignaux to proceed with the break, the balls being in such a position that, had he played himself, it was a moral certainty that he would have made the match.

Nowhere in its long report does *The Parisian* even intimate that the referee gave *two* opposite decisions, as has been claimed. Assuming that the referee had not seen the stroke, *The Parisian* despairingly asks: "What was to be done?" Naturally, a referee in that predicament would upon the spur of the moment be guided by the belief of the player after having made the stroke; and Slosson has charged that Vignaux was walking away from the table after the manner of another noted player in another notorious game, satisfied that he had not counted. But what a referee is morally and legally bound to do in such an emergency is to ignore the actions of both the interested and non-striker, and submit the matter to the judgment of those persons who, besides being presumptively impartial, were in positions whence the best view of the stroke was to be had. This is the most Slosson could have asked. He would not have been justified in laying down his cue, as *The Parisian* thinks he would, and refusing to continue the game, unless the referee had once actually decided that Vignaux had not counted, and next had decided that he had counted; and there is nothing in *The Parisian's* account of the affair to suggest that the referee had ever given any decision against Vignaux. By-and-bye we expect to hear that the referee indignantly denies that he even said that he had not seen the shot. Inability to see any stroke with the cue held horizontally is liable to happen to any referee; but, as confession that he could not see a *masse* stroke is tantamount to an acknowledgment of the rankest kind of incapacity, we expect by-and-bye to hear that the vexatious forty-eighth stroke in the seventh inning of the last night (the ninety-second inning of the game) was not a *masse* at all! The mystery thickens.

Since the foregoing was placed in type, *The Evening Post* of this city has published as from Slosson's own lips a statement different from that made by him and printed in these columns last week. Then the story that Vignaux cheated was mixed up, and walked away from the table, as if giving up, before the referee was appealed to, and afterwards, at the suggestion of outsiders, came back and appealed to the referee, who decided then that Vignaux had not counted. In *The Post* Slosson is made to say:

The object-ball lay against the rail; my ball lay an inch or two from it, and his ball lay near the balk-line. Vignaux shot, but his ball passed about a quarter of an inch outside the object-ball, and I thought he was going to let it about an inch. *As soon as he had left the table, the referee, who was standing close to the table, said: "No count, Mr. Vignaux," and Vignaux took up his chalk and moved away from the table.*

From this it appears that the referee was guilty of the surprising act of giving a decision before Slosson had asked him for one! Vignaux himself could have impeached the referee for that. Every added statement makes the muddle all the greater.

SCHAEFER AND SEXTON AT CUSHIO: - CAROMS.

The possibility that we spoke of last week has become a fact. The Cooper Institute has been secured for the contest at cushion-caroms between Sexton and Schaefer, and the date selected is Feb. 15. When not going for "handicaps," while not unmindful of "straights," Schaefer has been at his rooms practicing cushion-caroms. The weight that has been put onto his shoulders in the pool-tourney, and which has been so easy as to crush Vignaux for the moment, has failed to palsy him when he comes to encounter Sexton, and he will render a good account of himself, no doubt. About twenty months ago there was a feeble attempt made in a Western city to match Schaefer to play Sexton at the style of game they are now to engage in, but it eventually resolved itself into a match for Schaefer to play two matches—one with Slosson and the other with Sexton—and that ended all negotiations. To-day Schaefer is a much better player around the-table than he was then, and it is not reasonable to suppose that Sexton has improved at all. During the past few weeks Sexton has practiced somewhat, and he is playing well enough to suit himself, which is at least half the battle; and nerve, which will tell in the last hundred of such a game as cushion-caroms, can accomplish much of the remainder. At the same time luck can play a very important part in any hundred of that four-hundred-point game. In fact, away from the corners, where management of the balls is possible, cushion-caroms are made up of more chance-shots, so far as a series of shots are concerned, than most people have an idea of. Should Dame Fortune about equally distribute her favors, it can be a tough contest between Schaefer and Sexton, even conceding that the former is in the abstract at least fifteen per cent. better player than Sexton in consequence of one having neglected practice for about two years, while the other has been busy all that time. The contest will be a novelty to the bulk of the public, whether it prove a tough one or not.

STRAY SHOTS.

When a newspaper devoted to the advocacy of temperance speaks of a place in which liquor is sold as "the finest establ

AMUSEMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., up to Jan. 9, are thus reviewed by our correspondent: "The World' has achieved a moderate success at Baldwin's, where it has during the past week attracted fair houses. The play possesses little literary merit, and whatever success it has earned can be attributed to its excellent scenery, sensational tableaux and the vigorous and admirable acting of J. R. Grismer, whose impersonation of Sir Clement is rewarded by nightly calls before the curtain. Miss Edgington, an amateur, is cast for leading business, and about her only claim for that honor appears to be in the display of a rich wardrobe. O'Grad's drama of 'Eviction,' a play said to have made a hit in the Olympic Theatre, London, will be produced for the first time 10.... A new play, written by the son of Major-general McDowell, entitled 'Wedded by Fate,' is underlined for production. J. W. Jennings will receive a complimentary benefit 24, presenting 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Jack Sheppard.'..... The Standard Theatre has been well patronized, and 'Ixion Rewhee led' is presented with more spirit and snap as the people in the cast grow more accustomed to their surroundings. As 'The Queen's Evidence' could not be properly presented with that strict attention to every detail that the management of this house demands, its production has been deferred until 17. 'Ixion' will remain the attraction till then, supplemented by the comedy entitled 'Checkmate'..... At the Bush-street Theatre the revival of 'The Chimes of Normandy' had an encouraging effect on the box-office receipts. Miss Emilie Melville excelled herself in the role of Germaine. Miss Nathalie was hardly successful as Gaspard, and does not bid fair to become a favorite with the patrons of this theatre. 'The Pirates of Penzance' will be reproduced 10 and 'Girofle-Girofla' 17. 'Nubia' is in preparation for early production. Haverly's Minstrels will make their appearance about March 2, at which time the opera company will be despatched during the Lenten season on a trip through the state of interior under the care of C. E. Funkenstein, one of Manager Locke's captains.....Hattie Moore has made a success. Harry Gates a hit, and Johnny Williams has been slightly accorded an ovation while in the character of 'Cinderella' is enjoying a successful and profitable run..... 'Girofle-Girofla,' in which Fanny Marston and an excellent cast appear to advantage, remains the attraction at Woodward's Gardens..... Crowded houses nightly attest the able management of Harry Montague at the Bella Union. Sam Dearin, instrumentalist and comedian; Sadie Melville, serio-comic and song-and-dance artist, and Sheridan and Rice, Irish comedians, made their first appearance 8, and created a favorable impression..... 'Just his Luck' has strengthened the favorable impression already created by E. T. Goodrich at the Adelphi, and his dual representations of Jack Wilder and Christina Kruitzmeyer proved him to be a talented and versatile actor. The three Ferrantis, Dyllyn and Charley Reed present new specialties in a very enjoyable olio. Business good..... John T. Malone has resigned from the Baldwin Company to fill Miss Dolly Adelhoist at Ford's theatres..... Miss Emelie Melville will not sing on Sunday evenings..... Charley Reed will probably take a farewell benefit at the Baldwin 23 prior to his departure for Philadelphia, which city he will join Thatcher & Rymann Minstrels..... Robert M Eberle of Baldwin's was th stage manager of the brilliant Twelfth Night, recently given at the California Theatre an l, as much of the success of the production was due to his able supervision, the members of the military Company G will shortly testify their gratitude in a substantial manner..... During the trapeze performances by Tom Sharp & Bro. Blair and Bonner of the Olympic Club Bonner fell, striking his side and face on the chair of the leader of the orchestra. Fortunately, he was not much hurt, but he has been under the treatment of Dr. E. N. Knowlton..... Miss Lee Morgan, a performer of considerable merit, has been engaged and is now en route for the Bush street Theatre..... The suit instituted by Miss Adeline Stanhope against the Baldwin Theatre for arrear of salary has been compromised and settled..... John E Owens and a company go on the road, and will play one night at Sacramento, commencing 20..... Robert McWade did a large business in the country, and sails for Oregon per mail steamer with fifty thousand dollars."

CINCINNATI NEWS to Jan. 15 is sent as appended by our correspondent: "'The Galley Slave' at the Grand Opera-house closed a week of moderate business. Gussie De Forrest played Cicely Blaine with good effect, Nellie Razbour's Psyche suffered by comparison with Estelle Mortimer's, and J. B. Booth's Dr. Oliphant was excellent. The rest of the principal parts were about the same as last season. An extra performance was to have been given 16. 'Fun on the Bristol' follows 17, Salvini 24..... Minnie Palmer played in 'Boarding-school' at Pike's Opera-house 10, 11, 12, and in 'Pigeon' the rest of the week. Neither star, company nor plays scored a success, the attendance being discouragingly light. The Indene Opera Company follows 17, Sarah Bernhardt 31..... Agnes Leonard, supported by Frank M. Chapman's Company, opened in Heuck's Opera-house 10 in 'Woman's Faith.' Miss Leonard was pleasing if not strong. The support was good, Ralph Delmore personating the hero effectively. The scenery was new and beautiful. The Hess-Santley Novelty Company follow 17. F. S. Chanfrau 24..... Miles' Juvenile-opera Company played in Hamilton, O., 15..... Miles' Revelers are not yet reorganized..... The Bernhardt sale is reported officially to reach $13,000 for the four nights."

"JOSHUA WHITCOMB" will be played in Waterbury, Ct., Jan. 17, Hartford 18, Springfield, Mass., 19, Holyoke 20, Northampton 21, Worcester 22.

ANDREW'S COMEDIE SOUBRETTE CO. arrives are announced in Norwalk, Ct., Jan. 17, Danbury 18, Winsted 19, thence to New York State.

THE MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY play "Hazel Kirke" in Lowell, Mass., Jan. 17, Worcester 18, Newport, R. I., 19, New Bedford, Mass., 20, Providence, R. I., 21, 22, Springfield, Mass., 24, Holyoke 25, Northampton 26, Hartford, Ct., 27, Waterbury 28, New Haven 29.

"ALL THE RAGE" COMBINATION are to perform in Stamford, Ct., Feb. 7, South Norwalk 8, Danbury 9, Bridgeport 10, Ansonia 11, Waterbury 12, Wolcottville 14, Winsted 15, Collinsville 16, New Haven 17, Meriden 18, Middletown 19.

CHARLES ATKINSON and Clara Eliard will present "A Poetical Wooing" in Peabody, Mass., Jan. 19, Pawtucket, R. I., 20, Attleboro, Mass., 22, Shelburne Falls 24, South Berwick, Me., 26, Winthrop 27, Skowhegan 28, Waterville 29, Danvers, Mass., 31, Hingham Feb. 1, Foxboro 2, Brookline 3, Rockland, Me., 14.

MARIAN MORDAUNT, having recovered from her severe illness, is ready to negotiate for the production of her plays "Workingmen" and "Our Girls." See card.

FANNIE WOOD, soubrette and character vocalist, who has been traveling in Europe for the past nine months, arrived in this city Jan. 17. She brings a new two-act comedy with her, which she intends producing shortly. The leading part of what is said to be an attractive play will be assumed by herself. Managers wishing to negotiate are referred to the card elsewhere.

H. W. MITCHELL and Lizzie Harold have joined Milton Nobles' Company, in place of D. R. Young and Amy Lee, withdrawn.

MAUDE OSWALD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is to play in Franklin, Pa., Jan. 17, Mercer 18, 19, Stoneboro 20, 21.

"MY PARTNER" was produced in the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., Jan. 13, to gratifying business. B. Macauley entertained a large audience 14. The Harrison "Photos" are announced for 17, Frederick Paulding 18, 19.

FRANK MAYO is billed in Richmond, Ind., Jan. 17, Springfield, O., 18, Akron 19, Cleveland 20, 21, 22, Youngstown 24, Erie, Pa., 25, 26, Rochester, N. Y., 27, 28.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY OSBORNE were the only attractions at Wieting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., the past week. They played Jan. 14, 15, in "Colleen Ruaidh" to moderate business. Jane Coombs is billed at the Grand 17, Maggie Mitchell at Wieting 19, Mrs. Scott-Siddons 21, 22.

THE CRITERION THEATRE COMPANY returned to Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 12, and gave a benefit to Miss Mollie Nadler Steele, who appeared to good advantage in "The Little Detective." The company were to have played 14, 15.

JAMES M. GILBERT has secured a lease of the Park Theatre, Denver, Col., which will be ready for opening Jan. 24. The company includes Georgia Tyler, Belle Gilbert, Adelaide J. Eaton, Jennie Gilbert, Mrs. Frank P. Linden, Alfred Selwyn, Robert Ransom, Frank P. Linden, and H. W. Blanchard. They are to leave Chicago Jan. 17.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Newark, N. J., "Deacon Crankett" was given Jan. 14, 15, to fair business.....At the Grand Opera-house "The Danites" drew a large audience 13, and Herrmann the wizard entertained fair audiences 14, 15..... Billed at the Park: Baron Seeman the magician 17, for the week.....At the Grand, Mary Anderson appears 21.

OUR AUSTIN, TEXAS, correspondent writes that "owing to the bad manner in which the railroads are managed very few companies will play through our State. Collier's 'Bankers Daughter' did not appear here for this reason, but canceled their dates and returned to New Orleans."

S. TYLER READ, for some years our correspondent in New Orleans, La., died there Dec. 18, 1880. He was a gentleman of a kindly disposition, and had on several occasions befriended professionals who were in distress in that city. He had exhibited no little zeal in gathering news for THE CLIPPER, and was esteemed by professionals, among whom he had an extensive acquaintance.

J. L. ASHTON has joined the Paulding Combination for the heavy business.

FLORENCE NOBLE joins the Janauschek Company in Springfield, O., taking Lizzie Creese's position, Lizzie having resigned.

WM. E. SHERIDAN has been engaged as the star attraction with the John McCullough Company when that actor leaves for England.

TONY DENIER, having left his pantomime company for a few weeks' rest, has gone to his home in Chicago.

CLOSED THEIR TOUR—H. C. Jarrett's "Cinderella" Company, Mrs. G. C. Howard's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe, and Maud Granger's "Two Nights in Rome" Combination.

CHARLES L. DAVIS' "ALVIN JOSLIN" COMPANY is billed in Aurora, Ill., Jan. 17, Joliet 18, Milwaukee, Wis., 19, 20, 21, 22, Valparaiso, Ind., 24, Fort Wayne 25, Jackson, Mich., 26, and then into Canada for three weeks.

J. K. EMMET is still a most attractive star, as is proven by the statement in our advertising department that with "Fritz in Ireland" last week at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, he drew the largest week's receipts taken there in eight years.

A YOUNG MAN who wants to adopt the profession desires an engagement. See Chas. L.'s card.

M. B. CURTIS and company are billed in Ann Arbor, Mich., Jan. 17, Albion 18, Lansing 19, Grand Rapids 20, 21, 22.

N. C. GOODWIN'S "FROLIQUES" open in New Orleans, La., Jan. 16, for one week, St. Louis 24, for a like period, Evansville Ind., 31.

LOTTA op is in New Orleans, La., Jan. 23 for two weeks; thence to Mobile Feb. 7, 8, Montgomery 9, 10, Atlanta, Ga., 11, 12, Louisville, Ky., 14, for one week.

C. W. BARRE'S success in his play "Escaped from Sing Sing," in both San Francisco and Chicago, appears to have been especially gratifying to the star, who is said to have received most substantial returns, as published elsewhere.

DULLNESS reigned in Troy N. Y., the past week, so far as entertainments by professionals were concerned. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in "Otto" Jan. 10, 11, had good business, and theirs was the only dramatic attraction of the week. Mrs. Knight stepped one foot through an uncovered small trap on the stage 11, spraining her ankle. She limped through the last two acts of the play in much pain. Jane Coombs had been underlined for 14, 15, for a week, but did not arrive. Maggie Mitchell is billed for 17, and "Humpty Dumpty" 21, 22.

HERNE'S "HEARTS OF OAK" is due in Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 17, 18, Peoria 19, 20, Quincy 21, 22, Kansas City, Mo., 24, 25, 26, Leavenworth, Kas., 27, St. Joseph, Mo., 28, 29.

WILLIAMS' DRAMATIC COMPANY is to play in Elk Falls, Kas., this week.

THE CONRAD & COTTON COMEDY COMPANY, according to reports, is meeting with large success in the West. The press, as extracts published elsewhere show, is unstinted in its praises of the performances they give. The company consists of Ben Cotton, Mrs. Nelly Cotton, Little Idaline Cotton, F. M. Kendricks, H. C. Bradley, Paul Harland, Guy Huntington, Bert Miller, Mrs. Adele Bray Kendricks, Edith Mullay, Master Willie Mullay, and Miss Shea Lana, pianist. Charles Forbes is the manager, Wash Blodgett general agent, and William Withaus assistant agent.

"VOYAGERS IN SOUTHERN SEAS" is to be presented by the Boston Theatre Company in Holyoke, Mass., Jan. 24, Manchester, N. H., 31, Feb. 1, Fall River, Mass., 4 5.

JULIA A. HUNT'S COMPANY is billed in Corinth, Miss., Jan. 20, 21, 22.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN (N. Y.) THEATRE is credited with a very successful season during the past four weeks. John McCullough, J. K. Emmet, Kiralfy Brothers' "Around the World in Eighty Days" Company, and Lester Wallack have successively been the attractions. The receipts and other particulars are published elsewhere.

RIAL & DRAPER'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" Co. occupied the boards at Low's Opera-house, Providence, R. I., last week, drawing large audiences.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S "SPARKS" COMBINATION is booked at Low's Opera-house, Providence, R. I., Jan. 20, 21, 22.

THE ROUTE of the Hyer Sisters' Combination is Wellsville, N. Y., Jan. 22, Olean 24, Bradford, Pa., 25, Salamanca, N. Y., 26, Corry, Pa., 27, Meadville 28, Greenville 29, Kent, O., 31, Akron Feb. 1, Ashland 2, Mansfield 3, Galion 4.

STEELE MACKAYE'S MADISON-SQUARE COMPANY will appear in "Hazel Kirke" at the Providence Opera-house Jan. 21, 22.

"EAST LYNNE" is to be acted by the Fifth-avenue Comedy Company in Westport, Ct., Jan. 17, Bristol 18, New Britain 19, Middletown 20, New London 21, Norwich 22, Worcester, Mass., 24, Lowell 25, Manchester, N. H., 26.

CHARLES H. THAYER will inaugurate the new Opera-house in Manchester, N. H., Jan. 24, and work with W. E. Sheridan, Mrs. Thomas Barry and a good company in a series of legitimate plays. The Boston (Mass.) Theatre Company present "Voyagers in Southern Seas" for three nights, beginning 31, and the Tourists are engaged for Feb. 3.

C. H. SMITH manages the Tourists in Lynn, Mass., Jan. 17, Woonsocket, R. I., 18, Manchester, N. H., 19, Portsmouth 20, Portland, Me., 21, 22, Augusta 24, Bangor 25, Lewiston 26, Salem, Mass., 27, Chelsea 28, Waltham 29, Brockton 31, Fall River Feb. 1, New Bedford 2, Providence, R. I., 3, 4, 5.

MARY ANDERSON and company play in Holyoke, Mass., Jan. 17, Springfield 18, Hartford, Ct., 19, New Haven 20, Wilmington, Del., 22.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and HIS COMPANY may be looked for in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 24, 25, 26, Columbia 27, Augusta, Ga., 28, 29.

B. MACAULEY'S COMBINATION acted in Harrisburg, Pa., 10, York 11, Columbia 12, Lancaster 13, Reading 14, Pottsville 15.

MUSICAL.

"THE MASQUE OF PANDORA," the new opera adapted from Professor Longfellow's poem of that title by Marion Crawford, with entirely original music by Alfred Cellier, was sung for the first times on any stage in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre Jan. 10 and the rest of the week. Our correspondent says: "The libretto follows the poem quite closely, the needed changes and additions that have been made being necessitated by the exigencies of the stage, and we believe this is the only English opera which is containing no spoken dialogue, recitative being wholly substituted. In the three acts into which it is divided there are twenty-five different pieces of music, and, while their niceties can be appreciated by an educated musician, to an amateur or the ordinary theatre-goer they are without those tuneful and easily-caught and remembered melodies that tickle the ear, the quartet 'Here Let Me Stay Forever,' receiving an encore on the evening of 12. The subject, being purely mythological, is not completely fitted for general understanding, as any who have perused the poem will readily perceive. The initial representation was attended by several upward events, principal among which was the slight illness of the prima-donna, Blanche Roosevelt, rendering necessary an explanation from Mr. Jackson, who addressed the audience before the raising of the curtain, bespeaking their indulgence. Since the first night a vast improvement has been made by all concerned, the chorus of about fifty ladies and gentlemen then and since being particularly worthy of separate mention for their proficiency and the unison with which they fulfilled their duties. The chorus of twenty-four ladies was introduced in the second scene of act 1, two but their gyrations were in striking contrast to what was so recently seen on the same stage, and did not enhance the interest. The cast was as follows: Pandora, Miss Blanche Roosevelt; Hermes, Charlotte Hutchings; Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne (Three Graces), Miss Rica Murilli. Miss Florence Durant, Miss Annie A. Whitcomb; Epimetheus, Hugh Talbot; Prometheus, J. S. Greensfelder; Hephæstus, W. S. Daboll. In speaking of the efforts of the soloists, it can be said that all did their best, though Mr. Talbo would occasionally sing out of tune; and, with the exception of Miss Roosevelt in the leading role, Charlotte Hutchings as Hermes was the favorite. The composer, Alfred Cellier, led the largely augmented body of musicians the first night, Napier Lothian, the regular leader, Napier Lothian, conducted. The management mounted the opera very nicely, the four scenes shown being new and from the brush of Charles S. Getz, while the costumes provided for all were appropriate. On the first night the poet Longfellow occupied the manager's box, and Gov. Long and staff were also present. A goodly-sized audience was gathered on the occasion; but on later nights the attendance has not been well filled. The Masque of Pandora' is to be continued a second and last week, commencing 17. Salvini was an auditor 11, and after the performance congratulated Miss Roosevelt on the success of her efforts, and his gratification at the pleasure it had afforded him."

WALDMANN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., did a large business the past week, when twelve performances of "Around the World" by Fitzgerald & Lytell's Combination were given to packed houses. To arrive 17: J. Z. Little, Frank and Lillie White, Davene Family, Carl Zewartz, Four Comets and Pauline Batchelor.....At the Mulberry-street Theatre business has averaged fair. The new faces 17 are Arthur Sprague, Three Vampiers, Lamarline Brothers, Cushman, Mlle. Desiree, and Leonard and Flynn.....At the Metropolitan Winter Garden the Female Minstrels proved an attraction, and the olio was throughout liberally applauded. New people 17: Amy Stone in "Cigarette," T. W. Dwyer, Alfred Liston, Amy Fluette, Dave Brower and Lew Cole (stage-manager)..... Fitzgerald & Lytelle's "Around the World" Combination play in Providence, R. I., 25, 26, Baltimore 31, for one week.

RICE'S SURPRISE OPERA COMPANY occupied English's Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 10, 11, 12 and matinee, the patronage, says our correspondent, "being fair. The Spectre Knight' and 'Charity Begins at Home' comprised the bill at each performance. The troupe is a good one in both its dramatic and its lyric talent, and gave decided satisfaction. Geo. W. Lane of this city is in advance of the troupe, who fill out the week in this State..... The anxiously-looked-for presentation of 'Pinafore' at English's by members of the Indianapolis Light Infantry occurred 13, under the direction of Prof. Ora Pearson, to large business. All of the characters were played by males, Mr. Williams' Josephine and Pink Hall's Buttercup are entitled to special mention. The latter's make-up was of a stunning description. Nearly the entire cast are well-known local artists. The entertainment will be repeated 14, 15, and matinee..... Dave Wallace has again taken service in a railroad office here."

THE SPANISH STUDENTS, thirteen in number and their leader, have played to excellent business at the Park Theatre, Havana, Cuba, since their first opening night, being aided, says our correspondent, "in their entertainment by a small Spanish farce-company up to Jan. 4, when they engaged a prestidigitateur, Senorita Borland, a French lady, who performed but ordinary feats of legerdemain and gave a cabinet seance or expose of spiritualism. The latter part of the week business has fallen off considerably..... The Italian-opera Company is still playing at the La Paz. The troupe is poorly managed, and much of its effectiveness is spoiled by internal dissensions, which grow in number daily."

A VIOLINIST and specialty artists who can play bass-drum and cymbals in band are wanted by G. F. D. T., who advertises.

STRAKOSCH & HESS' COMPANY occupied Leubrie's Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 13, 14, 15, giving one matinee.

MAHN'S COMIC-OPERA COMPANY were seen in "Boccaccio," "Chimes of Normandy" and "Fatinitza" at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house during the past week to a fair average business..... The Boston Ideal Opera Company appeared at Library Hall 13 and at matinee 15, in "Fatinitza" to a large attendance, "Chimes of Normandy" was sung 14, and "Pinafore" night of 15. Remenyi plays 18, and local organizations will have the theatre for the rest of the week. Mapleson's Opera Company Jan. 26, 27.

STERNBERG, assisted by Wilhelmj and Miss Letitia L. Fritch, is to concertize in Toronto, Ont., Jan. 19.

JOHN HAGUE, musician, joined Fanny May's Female-minstrel Troupe in Cadiz, O., Jan. 4.

HARRIGAN & HART'S SONGS in "The Mulligan Guard Nominee' are published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., as per advertisement of titles, prices, etc.

THE FISK UNIVERSITY SINGERS gave concerts at Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 10, 12, to fair patronage..... The Wilhelmj Concert Company appear in Tweedie Hall 17.

PROF. T. D. STEED'S CIRCUS BAND can be engaged for the tenting season.

MUSICIANS are wanted for Sells Brothers' Show. See Prof. Louis Heck's card.

CORINNE'S MERRYMAKERS were making merry in Ottawa, Ill., Jan. 10, Aurora 11, 12, Janesville, Wis., 13, Oshkosh 14, Fond du Lac 15, thence to Appleton 17, 18, Fond du Lac 19, 20, Madison 21, 22, Minneapolis, Minn., 24, 25, 26, St. Paul 27, 28, 29.

FAIRBANKS & COLE of Boston have a few words more to say to S. S. Stewart of Philadelphia and the readers of THE CLIPPER in regard to banjo challenges, and the "say" can be found on another page.

A TUBA-PLAYER wants an engagement with a circus company. See L. M. Cate's card.

AT THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, the Boston Ideal Opera Company will begin an engagement Jan. 17 in "Fatinitza," the repertory for the week including "Pinafore," "Chimes of Normandy" and "Bohemian Girl."

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS are to perform in Chepachet, R. I., Jan. 17, Pascoag 18, Harrisville 19, Centredale 20, Georgieville 21.

"MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY," W. J. Scanlan's song, can be had of T. B. Harms & Co., as advertised.

"LA CALZA" is the title of the next novelty at Les Fantaisies-Parisiennes, Paris. The words are by Paul Villier, and the music by Mansour.

THE PERFORMANCE at the Opera, Paris, in aid of the funds of the Dramatic and Musical Artists' Association realized 35,000 francs.

"LA BELLE NORMANDE" is the name of a comic opera, in three acts, written by R. Mansell and A. Maltby, and at last advices in rehearsal at the Globe Theatre, London.

CURTIS' SPANISH STUDENTS remain at Abner's Garden, Washington, D. C., the present week. Their concerts have been largely attended.

MISS LULU VELING (12-year-old piano-soloist) will appear in concert at the Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., Jan. 21. She will be assisted by Isabella Freedley, Richard Arnold, James McCormick, and a chorus of twenty-four ladies.

MAPLESON'S ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY will appear in "La Sonnambula" and "Faust" Jan. 24, 25, at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C.

JAMES C. DUFF is organizing a second "Olivette" company for the road.

THE SERIES OF CONCERTS given during the season at the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., were brought to a conclusion Jan. 10. The performers were Joshua Phippen Jr., Charles A. Clark, Grace F. Machads and Helen A. Brooks, pianists, and Dr. E. C. Bullard, vocalist.

JOSEFFY the pianist will concertize at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Jan. 18, under the management of Thos. E. Harkins.....Michael Cohen, a rising young pianist, was the recipient of a testimonial benefit concert at Mercantile Hall Jan. 13.

MR. JARVIS has retired from the Soldene Troupe as manager. Emily Soldene is now sole manager, with H. A. Froom business-manager. "Olivette" will be produced by this party this week in Cincinnati.

MUSICAL MATTERS in Boston, Mass., are thus reported by our correspondent: "The first act of 'La Traviata' will be sung in Italian, in addition to 'The Masque of Pandora,' for the benefit of Blanche Roosevelt, at the Boston Theatre Jan. 21..... Carl Zerrahn of the Orchestral Union (Under Ground) will be sung in Turn Hall 20, with Bertha Miller of the New York Stadt Theatre as primadonna..... Laura A. Maiers, a piano pupil of John C. Perkins, gives a concert this evening, assisted by Fanny Kellogg, Adamowski, Wulf Fries and Mme. Hein..... The quartet concert of the New England Conservatory of Music is to take place on 22."

MAPLESON'S "HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY" began an engagement of nine nights and one matinee at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Jan. 10, in "Aida." Mlle. Alvina Valleria gave a much better rendition of the title-character, both musically and dramatically, than could have been anticipated from her previous performances in that role. Though her voice is not powerful for a soprano for the music, she sang with taste and judgment, and in accordance with an excellent method. Sig. Campanini was a magnificent Rhadames, and aroused the audience to positive enthusiasm. Anna Louise Cary's Amneris is such a familiar piece of work that it would be superfluous to say more than that it was as creditable as it has been. Lucia di Lammermoor" was sung 11, Gerster fairly electrifying the audience with her vocal pyrotechnics. The aria in which her voice echoes and imitates the flute was given with a clearness, a flexibility and a precision that few singers are capable of. "Mefistofele" was the business 12. This is a work in which the solos are almost swallowed up by the concerted music, and in which there is small room for individual prominence. Sig. Campanini as Faust, Valleria as Marguerite and Helen of Troy, and Anna Louise Cary as Marta made the most of their respective roles. "Mefistofele" is not likely to achieve any very great or lasting recognition; for, though it has many passages of surpassing beauty, these are separated by such long intervals of music that is dull, tedious and commonplace—that the general impression made by the work is not a favorable one. "Martha," that perennial operatic blossom, was made to flower again 13, and Gerster's beautiful voice never sounded more sweetly than when singing that dear old Irish melody "The Last Rose of Summer." Her acting as Martha, however, was somewhat lacking in sprightliness, and the same is said of Lucia, Mme. De Belocca as Nancy, though she sang the music of the part in a thoroughly artistic manner. The bills for the remainder of the week were "La Favorita," with Cary as Leonora, 14; "La Sonnambula," with Gerster as Amina, afternoon of 15; and "Il Trovatore," with Valleria as Leonora and Campanini as Manrico, night of same date. The season will terminate with a performance of Aida, 19. On the nights when Gerster sang the house was crowded, and on the off-nights the attendance was good.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Littleton (N. H.) Musical Association is to be held Jan. 17 to 21, inclusive. The conductor will be Dr. W. O. Perkins, and among the soloists are Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Lizzie Welch, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, G. W. Want, E. C. Pickett, Charles N. Allen and L. L. Ryerson. Eastman's orchestra will also appear.

THE RIVE-KING CONCERT COMPANY were in Dubuque, Ia., Jan. 10, 11, Rockford, Ill., 12, Dixon 13, Sterling 14, Clinton, Ia., 15, going thence to Davenport 17, Galesburg, Ill., 18, Ottawa 19, Aurora 20, Joliet 21, Hamilton 22.

THE MCNEIL FAMILY CONCERT COMPANY are to entertain the people of Sigourney, Ia., Jan. 17, Knoxville 18, Albia 19, Chariton 20, Osceola 21, Afton 22.

THE BERGER FAMILY CONCERT COMPANY are due in Americus, Ga., Jan. 17, Albany 18, Thomasville 19, Monticello, Fla., 20, Tallahassee 21, 22, Jacksonville 24, 25, Fernandino 26, Brunswick 27, Savannah, Ga., 28, 29, Charleston, S. C., 31, Feb. 1. Miss Marie Bowen recently joined the troupe, which now numbers eighteen, and is the strongest party the Bergers have ever controlled. Business reported large.

THE CHICAGO CHURCH-CHOIR OPERA COMPANY is to be reorganized in the Spring by William J. Davis, present assistant-manager at the Grand Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., for a Summer season at the Grand, and afterwards they will go on a tour through the West and Northwest. A comic opera by Mr. McCreery of St. Louis will be included in the repertory.

THE LIEBLING CONCERT given at the Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11, was a praiseworthy affair. Emil Liebling, William Lewis, Charles A. Knorr, and Messrs. Allen, Liesgang, Roeder, Brack, Bareither and Forkert were the attractions.

THE ARION BELLRINGERS are to be in Elkhart, Ill., Jan. 24, Williamsville 25, Arcadia 26, Virden 27, Waverly 28, Girard 29.

D'OYLEY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY are to sing in Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 17, Peoria 18, Springfield 19, Jacksonville 20, Danville 22, Evansville, Ind., 23, Nashville, Tenn., 25, 26.

THE EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY appeared in the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., last week, when the operas were "Bohemian Girl" 10, "Paul and Virginia" 11, "Maritana" (matinee) and "Lucia" 12, "Il Trovatore" 13, "Romeo and Juliet" 14, "Chimes of Normandy" (matinee) and "Martha" 15. A. E. Stoddard, although suffering from a severe cold, sang with much evening. On Wednesday he was unable to appear, and his place was supplied by Lithgow James. Business throughout the week was large..... An organ-recital was given 13 at Plymouth Church by Frederic Archer, who created a favorable impression. His second and last recital will be given 18..... The first concert of the Brooklyn Quintet Club took place 14 at the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music, and was an artistic success..... The second rehearsal for the fourth Philharmonic concert occurs afternoon of 21 at the Academy of Music. The concert will be given 22..... The Boston Ideal-opera Company will hold the boards week of 24.

THE IDEAL OPERA COMPANY appeared in the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., Jan. 10, 11, 12, to the largest house of the season. The operas given were "Fatinitza," "Pinafore" and "Chimes of Normandy." Mahn's Comic-opera Company opens 17, for one week.

STRAKOSCH & HESS' OPERA COMPANY open in New Orleans, La., Jan. 17, for two weeks.

PROF. FREDERIC F. COLLEY, orchestral leader, wishes an engagement. See card.

DR. JB. KELLEY'S taking songs are advertised in this issue.

AT THE MASONIC THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., Strakosch & Hess' English-opera Company presented "Mefistofele" to large business Jan. 11, and "Carmen" 12 to a crowded house.....Leavitt's English opera-burlesque Company appeared in the Grand Opera-house 14 in "Carmen" to fair business.

THE WERNERS' Musical Party and Flute-harmonic Band report that they are meeting with a hearty and substantial reception in their tour through Kentucky. Their route in that State includes Mount Sterling Jan. 16, Harodsburg 17, Danville 18, Stamford 19, Lebanon 20, and Elizabethtown 21.

POPULAR SONGS and other music by Blon l, Ned Straight, Danks, Harrington, Peabody, Powers, and Feeney and Alexander Spencer's "Quand Meme" music, published by Hitchcock, is further referred to in our business department.

KATE THAYER'S CONCERT COMPANY have decided to abandon their contemplated Southern tour.

VARIETY HALLS.

FANNY HERRING in "Little Buckshot" was the stellar attraction at the Globe Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., during the past week. Wheeler and Olive, Sam Parker, Ceni Havre, Mlle. Marcia and Ida Alb, Little Pearl and Parker and Children were seen in the olio. Marcia and Alb closed 15. Gibson and Devanney come 16. Business fair..... Gilmore & Benton's Show open in Pope's Theatre 17. Esher's Alhambra, the Canterbury and Crystal-palace Varieties are reported as doing well.

REPORTED DEATH OF WM. PILLAIRE.—Our St. Louis, Mo., correspondent writes that "this well-known cannon-ball performer, who recently played here with Wood & White's Electric Congress, is reported to have died here Jan. 9, as the troupe was leaving the city."

EMMA STEAD died of pneumonia in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 7. Our correspondent says: "She was recently a member of the stock company of the Globe Theatre, and had been identified with the companies at our various theatres during the past twenty years."

THE COMEDY AND AMERICAN FOUR COMBINATION are due in Columbus, O., Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, Lancaster 28, Chillicothe 29.

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS perform in Woodstock, Vt., Jan. 17, Montpelier 18, Claremont, N. H., 19, Bellows Falls, Vt., 20, Keene, N. H., 21, Springfield, Mass., 22.

RED AND FAY DE JALMA in their fire acts can be engaged by applying as per card.

ED. DE BARRIE, variety pianist, advertises for an engagement.

A FEMALE VIOLINIST, pianist, tambo and bones are wanted at the Gem Theatre, this city. See May Fisk's card.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Wheeling, W. Va., did a large business the past week with the Goodroys, Josephine Shanley, Gibbons and Davenport, and Elmer E. Grandin. Departures 15: Harry Weeks and Elmere E. Grandin. Coming 17: Harry Leonard, Morton & Thilson's Combination, Dick Norton, Prof. F. C. Osborne, Prof. D. C. Osborne, and Harry Morton.

AT BELL'S THEATRE, Austin, Texas, the new faces are Burk and Larkins, Lottie Archer, Gerome and Griffin, Winifred North and Tommy Gerome.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH, the Philadelphia lumber-merchant who owns the Alhambra, in that city, has decided to tear it down and erect a new and handsomer variety theatre, to be called the Eighth-street Opera-house. The work of demolition will begin in a few days.

J. C. NOONAN was tried in Philadelphia, Jan. 14, on the charge of keeping a disorderly house. Policemen and others testified to having visited Noonan's place, and that it was the resort of dissolute characters of both sexes and of boys and girls, and that disturbances were of frequent occurrence. Some of the persons living and doing business in the neighborhood testified that they were kept awake by the noise made in the saloon, and that their business was injured by crowds of bad men and boys lounging about the place and making the neighborhood an unsavory one for respectable people. On behalf of Noonan it was testified by some of his employees that there had been but one disturbance in the place—that one arising from a political discussion—that no minors were ever allowed in the saloon, and that nothing immoral or disorderly was permitted, a special officer being employed to preserve order. Some of the residents and business men in the neighborhood testified that they had never observed any disorder in or about the place, and that they had nothing to complain of in connection with it. One witness testified that he had visited the place four or five nights every week since it was first opened, and he had never seen or heard any disorder of any kind whatever. When, after deliberating on the case for a short time, the jury returned to the court-room to give their verdict, it was discovered that Noonan was not present. His counsel stated that he had merely gone out to find his bail; but the Assistant District-attorney insisted that his bail should be declared forfeited before the verdict was rendered, which was accordingly done, and a bench-warrant issued for his arrest. The foreman of the jury then announced the verdict, "Guilty," whereupon counsel for defendant at once made a motion for a new trial. The Judge stated that if Noonan was arrested that night his bail would be increased from $1,000 to $2,000. Two detectives vainly sought him all that night, but the following morning, Jan. 15, he coolly walked into court, and was much surprised when he learned what great importance had been attached to his absence. He stated, as his counsel had done, that he had merely gone out to find his bail. Squire Jas. McColgan of the International Comique, and, not being able to do so, had returned to the court-room only to find it closed and everybody gone. Not being able to ascertain the verdict that night, he had come in the morning to do so, prepared to "take it like a man." The Judge increased his bail from $1,000 to $2,000, pending the argument of the motion for a new trial, and Squire Jas. McColgan and Henry Wittbank became his sureties.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., during the week of Jan. 10, variety and melodrama held possession of the stage to good-sized houses. Our correspondent says: "Tom Rice was at his phillipic in his imitations of popular actors, Billy Buckley and his bagatelle of 'Ginger Snaps,' Awata Katnoshin the Japanese juggler, and W. J. Scanlan as Tony O'Dowd in the drama of that title, supported by Pearl Eytinge, Cassie Troy, Mollie Revel, Ruby Ethel, Charles Day, George J. Secor, Royal Roche, J. J. Williams and Frank Wright. In the second act the champion highkicking Mlle. Sara, accompanied by Mlles. Cora L'Espigny, Thibaux and Florence, late of the Emily Soldene Troupe, gave one of their characteristic divertisements. Owing to the detention of the Sound-boat from New York, on which were Mlle. Sara and her associates and Katnoshin, their appearance was delayed till 11. For the present week the attraction will consist of Ryan and Ryan's Bards of Tara Company, including, besides themselves, Frank McNish, Wood and Beasley, the Novelty Four—Emma and John F. Whitney, Lizzie Hun

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

The Stylish Colored Swells.

DEDICATED TO NILES AND EVANS BY WILL. BURKEY.

We're two fascinating, captivating, stylish colored swells;
We just arrived from charming Saratoga,
Where we startled all the ladies and everybody else
With our dashing style and dancing so peculiar.
The charming creatures heave a sigh
As we place the glass before the eye.
Chorus.—Just observe our extravagant attiah;
It is swand, and quite hard to excel!
The ladies they all do inquiah, (swells.
And wonder who are those stylish colored

In the park or on the beach, or while we promenade,
The darlings to escort and to admiah,
We are always the observed, until evening about eight—
That's the time that we do generally wetiah.
The charming creatures heave a sigh
As we place the glass before the eye.
Chorus.—Just observe our extravagant attiah, etc.

The Solid Man from Hoboken.

AS SUNG BY CHAS. E. COOPER AND GEORGE PRATT.

The solid man now comes this way—
Hurrah! hurrah!
With joy we hail the auspicious day—
Hurrah! hurrah!
He's coming up to Union square,
And gladly we will meet him there;
We'll have a racket rich and rare
When Keynton comes to town.
We'll rather round the festive board—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Although to spend we can't afford—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Then wit will sparkle, beer will flow,
And laughter make our faces glow;
We'll all get lush before we go
When Keynton comes to town.
His poems to us he will recite—
Hurrah! hurrah!
O John! you'll paralyze as quite—
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll fake him up a dizzy song,
And then we'll sock it to him strong,
For cash I know we'll wait not long
When Keynton comes to town.
If Pratt is not in proper trim—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Then Skelly's bound to go for him—
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll set his words to music sweet—
Perhaps some air that's obsolete—
And when we're done we'll make him treat
When Keynton comes to town.
This is a happy turn of fate—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Now Cooper can recooperate—
Hurrah! hurrah!
The wonder of the age is here,
A wealthy bard who loves his beer—
Mark to the welcome chanticleer!
John Keynton is in town.
Let Ditson, Fond, and Blume now rest—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Let Tony button up his vest—
Hurrah! hurrah!
Let Gordon smile and Harding groan,
And Saalfield play his telephone;
To-day we'll let them all alone,
For Keynton's come to town.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Go Away, Ichabod.

DEDICATED TO SOL. SMITH RUSSELL, BY TOMMY TUCKER.

I love a nice yoker gal—
Her name is Sally Jones—
In the village church she sings
On Sundays in sweet tones;
I always call on her
Whene'er I go that way;
But, when I try to kiss her,
To me she'll always say:
Chorus.—Go away, Ichabod; go away, Ichabod;
Ichabod, Ichabod, you're too free;
Go away, Ichabod; go away, Ichabod—
Ichabod, Ichabod, don't touch me.

Of course, I seemed a-scared
When she would holler out,
But in a little while
Of love we'd talk about;
I'd sidle up to her,
A ghost-yarn I would tell;
And, as I'd give her a tight squeeze,
You ought to hear her yell:
Chorus.—Go away, Ichabod, etc.

'Twas on a pleasant night
That on her I did call;
I wished for her to come
With me unto a ball.
While walking home I asked her
If she would be my wife.
She whispered low, and said:
"You just bet your life!"
Spoken.—And no more you'll hear her say:
Chorus.—Go away, Ichabod, etc.

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NATHAN D. URNER.

It was in Rome, in the Winter of 18—, that I first had the supreme gratification of gazing, entranced, upon the exquisite, undraped figure of Bianca Dellacampa, the then celebrated living model of the art-students residing there. The sitting was in a large, dilapidated upper room of an old Borgia palace, which had been hired especially for the prosecution of studies from the life by the united contributions of a large number of young painters and modelers, and I attended it at the earnest solicitation of my friend, Signor Sforzia, then a rising young sculptor of undoubted genius, but since dead, who had grown so enthusiastic in his commendations of Bianca's form as to excite my curiosity to a great degree.

"This is no common model, as you will find," said he. "She is not to be classed for an instant with the troop of bold-eyed, robust creatures, young and old, who for two florins are so willing, and even eager, to step out of their rags under a skylight, and pose before a hundred or more grinning, raw students as almost anything, from a Madonna to a bacchante, and with their tatterdemalions of fathers, husbands, or lovers, in beetle-browed waiting for a lion's share of the pittance yielded by their revelation of flesh and limb. No, no! compared with these Bianca is as a seraph to a fishwoman. Her form is at the same time material and ethereal—a living realization of the noblest ideals of Greek art—a confirmation of the fable of Phidias and his living statue."

These remarks were made as we were on our way to the lite-study.

"And the face of this incomparable model, whose form you so vaunt, is that likewise beautiful?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you," he answered, with an air of mystery, "because I have never seen it, as indeed must be the case with nearly all the artists before whom she poses, I'm inclined to think." Then, in reply to my look of surprised inquiry, he went on: "Apart from the exceptional beauty I have hinted at, Bianca differs from all other professional models here essentially in the fact that she will never pose unless with her face veiled. She always is accompanied by two persons—her mother, an avaricious old hag, and her lover, Pietro Scarlatta, she calls him—a handsome, brigandish-looking young vagabond, himself a professional model of some repute—who is to marry Bianca when she shall be eighteen, she being now in her eighteenth year. Her face is always concealed from view even in coming and going, and they personally attend to veiling it even more thoroughly just before she disrobes and steps out upon the platform. They watch her as a pair of hawks would watch a dove, and jealously challenge every admiring glance that would seek to penetrate the covering of her face. I cannot but be a modest and beautiful one, if anything like in keeping with her form; but the Italian gipsies, to which race her people owe their extraction, are peculiar in their feelings. For instance, though that lover of hers can see nothing wrong in the exposure of his sweetheart's body for the advancement of art, I doubt not that he would resent the portrayal of her face in connection with her form, to the destruction of her incognito, by nothing short of assassination. Oh, she is divine! But you will see for yourself, you will see."

With my curiosity thus heightened to an unwonted degree, I followed him into the old palace we had by this time reached.

Ascending a staircase, he left me in an ante-chamber, while he passed into the life-study apartment just beyond, in order to prepare the way for my introduction therein.

The antechamber was nearly filled with a motley crowd of professional models, who were hanging about the place, according to their daily custom, in the hope of realizing a florin or two by some demand upon their qualifications. They were of all descriptions. There were old beggar-women leaning on forked sticks, who might be thrown into a canvas as gipsy crones, or cave-witches, or in their real characters of picturesque mendicancy; young and middle-aged women, with infants in and without, and mostly good-looking, who would answer for "A Cottage-scene," "Kneeling at a Cross," "Scene on a Mountain-road," or some other painter's fancy of similar import; young peasant-girls, pretty and otherwise, and picturesque even in their want of cleanliness, ready to pose in any attitude and condition for whatever artist's requirement would furnish them with a few paltry coins; and even little girls, elfish and dirty, but interesting, who might be used with advantage, either in groups or singly, to the profit of both painter and picture-dealer.

The male portion of the crowd was even more heterogeneous. There was among them the wherewithal for the fashioning of brigands, friars, water-carriers, fruit-venders, vineyard-tollers, scriptural characters, gladiators, boys at prayer, muleteers, mountebanks, guitar-players, and pretty much everything else you can imagine as connected with the demands of art in a city full of eager, imaginative and industrious students. Like those of the opposite sex, a harmony of dirt, rag-squalor and picturesqueness distinguished all alike, with the desire for gain existing as the common attraction.

In a few minutes my friend returned with a smiling face, and I was at once inducted into the penetralia of the life-study.

Imagine a long, lofty and half-ruinous room, of, say, thirty-five by twenty-five feet, with a small platform, or dais, about three feet high, at the farther end, connecting at one side with an inclosure formed by green-baize screens, and having directly over it a peaked skylight, through which came pouring the clear reflection of the rich Italian sunlight, flooding the dais with a pure but slightly subdued effect. Then imagine the space between this bright spot and the door thronged with artists, with their materials at hand, ready for work, and with all eyes fixed expectantly on the platform; a confusion of improvised ateliers, with their owners before them—painters, brush and pallet in hand, seated or standing at their easels—draughtsmen with their crayons and their pads ready for copying as soon as the model shall step into view—and sculptors, bare-armed and eager, with statues and statuettes in various stages of condition before them, and great heaps of damp, slate-colored potter's clay at their sides—all breathlessly earnest and sincere in their devotion to their art; and a pretty fair idea may be formed of the strange scene that was presented to my eyes.

"They will begin upon the model in a few minutes now," said Sforzia in a faint whisper, as we took our station in the rear, whence we could overlook all the artists and their paraphernalia.

"To-day all the poses for Egeria, and something very fine is promised, for there is plenty of genius, as well as talent, in the room. Do you note that young Englishman yonder?—the tall young fellow so handsome and so fair, standing before the largest canvas? Well, that is Grantley Edgecombe, the younger brother of Lord B——. He has been making a study of the subject for a long time. If he succeeds as he hopes, his picture will be exhibited in the gallery of the Messrs. Jones & Whitehead, the eminent English picture-dealers just back of the Vatican Palace, and he will doubtless sell it to some rich foreigner for a big amount. But wait. She is coming."

At that moment Herr Gruben, an Antwerp student, who officiated as a sort of master of ceremonies in the place, stepped up to the green screen and tapped upon it.

"Come!" said he. "It is past the time, and all is in readiness."

An old woman and a young man—the mother and affianced lover of the model—at once stepped from behind the screen and leaned against the wall at the side, with their eyes fastened on the dais. Then, almost simultaneously, there glided out from the side of the screen and lightly mounted the dais a young girl, wearing what appeared to be a single garment of light, floating material, and having her face concealed by a red veil, fastened around the upper part of the head and falling to a point just below the chin.

"Take position as I have instructed you," said Herr Gruben, addressing her in Italian.

She placed herself at the edge, and in the centre of the staging, directly in the midst of the flooding light, standing erect and motionless.

"Disrobe" was the next order.

By a swift, clever movement of her hands and fingers—or rather, by a succession of movements too rapid to follow with distinctness—her single garment was stripped from her person and tossed behind the screen; and then she stood there before us all, perfectly nude, yet "clothed on with chastity," and with her entire dazzling, perfectly-rounded, clearly-chiseled and purely-developed figure so instinct with the spirit of classic beauty and symmetry as to arouse no other sensation than that of absolute artistic gratification in the breast of the æsthetic beholder.

Herr Gruben continued instructing the model in respect to her attitude, she obeying his slightest word by some sort of change or movement of her body and limbs with the ease and cleverness of an adept—with here the depression of a foot or the elevation of an arm, and there again the curving of a thigh, and so on—until at last she was in the required pose, which at a final word from him she maintained with the immovableness of a carven image.

"All is in readiness, gentlemen," said Herr Gruben, turning to his fellow-students.

The silence was instantly broken by a subdued, murmurous sound, as the artists fell to work with an energy and earnestness as if for dear life. The sculptor with his clay, the painter at his easel, and the draughtsman with his crayons—each seemed to emulate his neighbor in dispatch, in the apparent effort to seize that glowing moment with the clutch of inspiration, and snatch with noble greed all that was possible of that perfect figure, vouchsafed as a copy for the idealization of their color-fraught and houri-haunted dreams.

Not being an artist myself, however, I cared just then but little for their enthusiasm or their toil. I was entranced, wholly fascinated, by the ethereal beauty of the nude figure on the dais. The attitude was striking. It might have been that of a nymph groping her way through a cavern's entrance, or through the curtaining vines of a sylvan dell, in order to keep her tryst with some mortal lover. One hand was pressed to her bosom, while the other reached forward as if to put aside some obscurity; her veiled face also leaned forward, and slightly to one side, as if she listened intently as she groped; and the entire attitude of the youthful and symmetrical figure of alabaster whiteness was picturesque and ravishing beyond expression.

I was in a sort of dream, and was only awakened at last by hearing the master of ceremonies say: "The time's up; that will do, Bianca," in a voice of disagreeable interruption. Then the vision vanished. There was simply a fleeting glitter of shining shapeliness, accompanied by something like a growl from the plebeian lover who had been watching the scene from the side; and then I knew that Bianca was resuming her street-dress behind the screen, and that my ecstasy was thenceforth but a remembrance.

In a few minutes, having received her florins from Herr Gruber, she took her departure, still closely veiled, accompanied by her mother and Pietro, the latter—a fine-looking human animal of the mountain type—casting a look of general defiance and suspicion at all of us as he passed into the anteroom, with the model pressing closely to his side.

After a buzz of various comments on the part of the artists, a large group of them, Signor Sforzia and myself of the number, gathered around Grantley Edgecombe, the young British artist, whose large canvas, it was generally admitted, presented the finest result of the sitting that had been just afforded.

It was not the first he had had, by any means, and the picture, with the exception of the face, which was a confused blur, was almost complete. Its title was to be "The Nymph Egeria Keeping Tryst with Numa," and, as an excellent study from Bianca Dellacampa's charms, it represented the nude nymph as putting aside the leafy curtain of her grotto, preparatory to stealing into the presence of her imperial lover, supposed to be waiting for her within.

"The picture is superb, and must be a success," said I, for I had just been introduced to the artist by Signor Sforzia. "But I wish you might have a portrait of the model's face and head to go to the figure—that is, if she is beautifully featured."

"She is just that, for I once caught a glimpse of her face, which is angelic," said the artist. "And, mark my words, I will yet succeed in making her portrait to go with that figure."

"Beware of attempting it," said one of his friends. "Pietro, her lover, is said to always have his hand on his stiletto whenever anyone approaches her."

"Nonsense! Do you suppose the beggar could turn me from my purpose?" said Edgecombe, with a feverish laugh. "But wait and see."

After dusk on the following evening I was traversing the more squalid quarters of the city when I encountered Grantley Edgecombe standing in a doorway in conversation with a young woman, who turned a singularly lovely face towards me as I was passing, and then almost instantly separated from her companion.

I had only taken a few steps farther when I heard my name pronounced, and turned to have Edgecombe overtake me.

"Did you note the face of the girl I was talking with?" said he.

"Yes; I remarked the singular beauty of it," I replied. "Who was she?"

"Who but Bianca Dellacampa, our veiled model!" he exclaimed in joyous triumph. "Didn't I tell you I would manage it, old fellow. She visits my studio in secret to-morrow for the purpose of sitting for her portrait. Money did it, my boy! I argued successfully with her that fifty florins would come nicely into the housekeeping arrangements that she'll soon be making with her jealous Pietro, and she could not withstand the bribe. Fifty florins is a stiff price, you may say, for the privilege of portraying an Italian gipsy's face; but by Jove! it will be worth double that to Jones & Whitehead's gallery, with Bianca's angelic face, as well as Bianca's ravishing form, and you will hear some noise in the artistic world!"

I smiled at his enthusiasm, wished him every success, and we separated.

One afternoon a week later I returned to Rome from a brief sojourn in Ravenna, and one of the first acquaintances I met was my friend Sforzia, who was in a state of agreeable excitement.

"Come right to the picture-dealer's, and see Edgecombe's Egeria!" he exclaimed. "It has only been on exhibition since nine this morning—not in the gallery proper, you, but in the shop-window, and it is already the talk of the town. He will get hundreds of guineas for it. The figure is absolutely a masterpiece, and where under heaven he could have got the model for the face that goes with it is a mystery to us all. The harmony is perfect, and it is the face of an angel!"

"Ignorance is bliss, then, for I've been less confiding to his brother-artists than he was to me," said I, willingly accompanying him, and I related the secret of the portrait as we went along.

A dense crowd, comprising persons of all conditions, was collected in front of the great shop-window of Messrs. Jones & Whitehead, situated in one of the chief thoroughfares running back of the Vatican.

We pushed our way through. There, clothed in the artist's idealization, and occupying a massive frame, was the nymph Egeria, indeed—or, rather, there was the gipsy maiden in heavenly portraiture, chaste in her sublime nudity, and with a delicious smile of expectation on her face, as she reached out a hand to brush aside the leafy curtain of her cavern's entrance, and bent her ear, as if listening "to the far footfalls of her mortal lover," as Byron hath it. We gazed upon it breathlessly. The impression produced was too profound to make itself known by noisy encomiums. Suddenly, however, a muttered curse, in a hoarse, rasping voice at the rear of the crowd, caused Sforzia and me to turn. The curse had proceeded from the lips and bosom of Pietro Scarlatta, the model's lover, who stood there livid with astonishment and fury. He only remained for a moment, however, looking at the picture with eyes that blazed like living coals; and then, shaking his clenched hands threateningly above his head, he dashed away.

"I fear some evil consequences will result from this," said Sforzia in an anxious tone as we moved away.

We made several stoppages by the way, and then proceeded to a little restaurant, kept by Jean Planchez, the Savoyard, that we were in the habit of frequenting, together with many artistic friends. A noisy and excited crowd was collecting at its doors. We hurried forward, and discovered cause enough for the disturbance. Edgecombe, armed with a heavy walking-stick, was defending himself as best he could from a murderous attack on the part of Scarlatta, who, stiletto in hand and fairly foaming at the mouth, was dashing at him like a madman. Some policemen, chancing to hurry on the scene at this instant, promptly knocked Pietro down, disarmed him, and bore him away, struggling and roaring like a thwarted wild beast; while Edgecombe, thanks to his English dexterity at single-stick, escaped without so much as a scratch.

In a short time, however, we learned that the beautiful model Bianca Dellacampa was lying murdered in her mother's apartments, she having been stabbed to death by her infuriated lover just previous to the latter's attack on the artist, whom he doubtless regarded as only a shade less guilty than she. I am pretty sure that Edgecombe's conscience must have caused him many a pang, but withstanding that he sold his Egeria before the week was out for twice as much as he had hoped to get for it. At all events, he for a long time thereafter seemed humbled and careworn, while his contribution to the snug sum we made up for poor Bianca's mother was just one-half the entire amount, and nearly all the art-students in Rome attended the poor girl's funeral in a body. As for Pietro Scarlatta, he committed suicide in prison.

Hunting a Skull.

One night, about an hour before the curtain rose on the first act of "Hamlet," the astounding discovery was made by the property-man that there was not such a thing as a skull to "Poor Yorick." When the fact was announced to Mr. Talbot, who was masticating a mutton-chop at the C street restaurant, he upset a dish of tomatoes and broke a tea-cup in bringing down his fist upon the table, with the exclamation: "Kill a Chinaman and have his skull cleaned and dried by 8.30."

A council was then held, and it was the opinion of the property-man that it would be next to impossible to kill a Celestial and have his skull ready by 9.30. Besides this, several persons about town who had been interviewed in reference to the job refused to kill a Chinaman for less than $7.50, and one exorbitant and mercenary scoundrel wouldn't look at anything less than $12, half of which he wanted in advance. Col. Bob Taylor, the eminent Shakespearian delineator, was sent for and asked for the loan of the skull of an old pioneer, which had recently been presented to the society. The Colonel rushed up to the cabinet, but found it locked, and, while the fleshless jaws of the grinning headpiece were within a few inches of his nose, the skull was beyond his reach, and there was no way of getting it except by smashing in the glass—a piece of sacrilege which would cause the society to exterminate him with clubs. It was reported that Jim Orndorff had a skull which was just the thing, and James was interviewed. Ever ready to lend aid to the legitimate drama, and being an admirer of Shakespeare and a theatre-manager himself, he promised to send up the required article immediately; and after the property-man had waited and waited, and stamped and swore around the green-room for about an hour, it arrived. It was found to be no other than the skull of a favorite bull-pup of Jim's, which had been killed in a $500 match at butcher Town several years ago. Graham, the scenic-artist, was next appealed to, and authorized to name his figures if he would turn out a skull by half-past nine. The persevering artist went to work, and, by pasting sheets of white paper over a bundle of old socks and painting in the remainder of the make-up, he produced a skull, the natural appearance of which sent a thrill of ghastly horror through the audience, and must have caused the tragedian to experience a thrill in touching it.—*Nevada Chronicle.*

"DER SBARROW BIRDS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLEY RUSSELL.

I lofe do vatch der sbarrow-birds,
Und see dhem shkip around
Und bundt for vorms und dhings do eat
Upon der frozen ground.
I dhink der shilly Vinter-air
Dheir leedle toes vould freeze,
Ot dhey von't blay hob-scotch so much
Und shcoot among der drees.

I lofe to hat dhem gome oudside
My vindow efery day,
Und vatch dhem ead der grumbs und shdeal
Each odder's grub away.
I lofe do hear dhem shout und fret,
Und vatch dhem when dhey fighd,
Und hear dheir Vagner opera when
Dhey go do roost ad night.

Der Vinter-days vould lonesome be
Mitout der sbarrows here;
Der odder birds all schooded vhen
Dhey saw Chock Proed abbear;
Beside der vindow mit our bipe—
Der vinds oudside may roar—
Ye vatch der sbarrow birds und dhink
Id's Summer-dime vonce more.

AIRY FAIRY VERE,

OR THE GOLDEN CRESCENT

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

I shall never forget my entrance into that luxuriously-appointed salon. Lady Fatima earried me a cup of tea with her own hands, and sweetened it with an ineffable smile. I had never seen anyone so voluptuously lovely. At her request it was a morning visit, and she wore a loose flowing robe that enhanced without concealing the stately proportions of her figure. Her manners were tinged with an imperious coquetry, which was the most alluring of her charms.

I had met, under all kinds of circumstances, all sorts of women; but never before had I looked on one so matchlessly calculated by physical beauty to captivate the outward senses and carry the heart by storm.

I may as well state, at last, that I was completely fascinated. My senses and reason forsook me and fled. I was carried like a cork down the rushing tide of passion. Within a week I had proposed and been accepted. The evening papers published witty items, intimating that the charming Lady Fatima Molineux had "captured Monsieur Augustus Vaughan, and his annuity of ten thousand a year." I received these published impertinences; but I felt that I would only invoke ridicule on myself if I publicly contradicted them. Meanwhile Lady Fatima never referred to them, and in due course we were married at the English chapel, as privately as possible. We proceeded to Rome to spend our honeymoon.

We had been married about a week, the shadow of a memory fell over me. We were sauntering together on the Pincio at sunset, the sky all purple and gold, behind the grand dome of St. Peter's. We had been silently contemplating the gorgeous scene, and my eyes had involuntarily turned from the rose-leaf and opal transparency of the sky to my wife's face, when the perplexing idea sprung suddenly in my mind that I had seen somebody exceedingly like my Fatima somewhere before. Who could it be? Had I seen *her* before? Or had I seen somebody closely resembling her? Ah! I remembered!

She had intuitively felt the intensity of my look, and she turned on me an inquiring glance.

"So you know, Fatima, darling," I said, "your face and figure have a wonderful resemblance to the face and figure of my married Cousin Emma?"

"Indeed!" she said, coldly turning away her head.

Other surprises were in store for me that eventful day. When we returned to our hotel, a note, in handwriting that recalled another memory, was waiting for me. I broke the seal, and read as follows:

DEAR COUSIN JIM.—My husband and myself here ten minutes since, and judge of my surprise when I accidentally discovered not only that you were sojourning here, but that you were actually accompanied by your wife. You naughty, naughty boy! to tell me you were going to be married? I am burning with impatience to see you and her. Always affectionately, YOUR COUSIN EMMA.

I pass over the gush and effusiveness of the meeting. I had not seen my cousin for over a dozen years, and I was surprised to perceive the luxuriousness of bloom and development that had attained. The likeness between my wife and she was apparent to the most ordinary observer, although it did not require a moment's glance to discover that Fatima's beauty was more classically pure, more subtly witching and refined than that of Emma. The same perceptible superiority extended to their costumes. Emma's was elegant and expensive; but my wife was arrayed in the highest art of Paris. I must make the honest confession that the comparison was particularly gratifying to me; and I was delighted to perceive that Brooks, Emma's millionaire husband, also betrayed by his glances that my Fatima bore off the palm of beauty.

The ladies were very cordial with each other, and when my wife and Mr. Brooks went upstairs to dress for dinner Emma and I lingered behind for a ten minutes' chat over old times. Hardly had the door been closed behind my wife when Emma broke out:

"So you married her after all, Gus!"

The exclamation staggered me—I couldn't understand its relevancy.

"You will hardly be disposed to say that she resembles me now, I suppose, for she has grown ever so much handsomer. Gracious goodness!" cried Emma, "how she has improved!"

"Whatever do you mean, Emma? What are you driving at?" I rather petulantly inquired.

"Mean? Why, your wife—Airy Fairy Vere, to be sure."

I burst into a fit of uproarious laughter.

"Why, my dear cousin," I said, attempting vainly to be serious, "what absurd kink have you got into your head? You talk as if you had been taking something, and it had got into your head. My wife was the Lady Fatima Molineux when we were married."

"I don't care," said my cousin, with an obstinate toss of her head; "she was Airy Fairy Vere before she was Lady Fatima Molineux, or I am very much mistaken."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! The idea is too absurd to merit even a moment's consideration," I rejoined with unnecessary heat, for I was absurdly annoyed at my cousin's blundering and insulting persistence.

"Sure as you stand there, Gus," she said, returning calmly to the charge, "I am right. I do not forget faces. I went and saw Airy Fairy Vere two nights after you saw her, because your mother had told me what you said, and I was annoyed to be compared to a mere dancing-girl. I saw something else that night, for I watched the clock through an opera-glass—I saw that she had been tatooed with two letters at the very curve of her left shoulder. The two letters were J. F. Your poor mother—my aunt—gave me a little chamois-leather bag containing some of my bride-cake (as we both suspected) and a gilt crescent. On the crescent were two rude letters. They were J. F. I told this to Jim Fother, and came to the conclusion that you had some way succeeded in being introduced to the dancing-girl, and that the crescent was a love-token. But I kept my opinions to myself, for I thought that when you mingled with the world and devoted yourself to your university studies you would forget all about Airy Fairy Vere and—"

"Augustus, are you coming? Dinner is waiting!"

It was the voice of my wife. I had no opportunity for further conversation with my cousin that evening, as Fatima and I were under an engagement to spend the evening with the Comtesse of Sauterne.

The party assembled in the Comtesse's salon was mostly composed of society fatliers. I had plenty of time for calmly thinking over my own affairs. I say that my cousin's remarks monopolized all my spare time? Turning the suggestion of my wife's identity with the dancing-girl over and over in my mind, I was met at the outset with one startling difficulty. Who was Lady Fatima Molineux before she married the wild Irish baronet? This difficulty was not to be easily overcome. It was a matter of salon-rumor in Paris that her ladyship's origin and antecedents were as obscure as Melchisedec's. After all, by some malignant fate, had the scapegrace baronet met and married the woman who as a girl had figured as my Airy Fairy Vere?

My memory went back to that night. I dwelt on the dancing, on the broken necklace, on the crescent that bounded off the stage and hid itself inside my vest. Airy Fairy Vere's arms were bare to the shoulder that evening. How was it that I had not noticed the tatooed letters J. F., seen by my cousin? Had the letters been pricked into the shoulder in the interval that elapsed between my seeing her and Emma's seeing her? This was hardly probable.

Those versed in the science of the mind inform us that most people may have by practice, and that some people possess the faculty without it, of retaining a mere retinal picture. "A scene is flashed upon the eye; the memory of it persists, and details which escaped observation during the brief time when it was actually seen may be analyzed and studied at leisure in the subsequent vision."

Following this hint, I recalled the retinal picture of Airy Fairy Vere, and connected it to this critical analysis. I remembered that there was a bow of rose-pink ribbon on each shoulder, the long ends of which flashed and waved. Ah, I remembered that position, with her heel high up in the air and her body bent down close to the footlights! I had seen the faint blue tatooing, but I had not identified the letters.

By the time I had arrived at this conviction, it was time for us to return to our hotel. When I retired, I put a pair of small scissors under my pillow. We always kept a night-light burning. My wife had taken several glasses of wine, and her breathing soon told me she was sound asleep. Her face was turned from me, and her left shoulder was uppermost. With trembling fingers I grasped the scissors. It was necessary, above all things, to be calm. "Now for it!" I cut the sleeve of her night-robe, and exposed the lovely, rounded, marble-looking arm. The faint blue Indian-ink tatooing came gradually into view as the scissors cut through the muslin. My cousin was right! There were the letters J. F. My wife slept on as soundly and sweetly as a child. I lay down beside her to think, and the Genius of Good and the Genius of Evil fought their battle in my perturbed soul.

My better genius argued that my wife was no worse for being the developed original of my Airy Fairy Vere. There was no necessity for resurrecting the memories and possible vexations of the dead Past. My Evil Genius resented the alliance. I had been made the victim of an impostor. It was due to me that she should be humiliated, and to be forced to express contrition for the deceit she had practiced. My Evil Genius prevailed, and I fell asleep.

To make matters worse, Emma brought me the fatal crescent before breakfast next morning.

"Show her that, and you will see!" she said, with a true woman's instinct for mischief.

I did show it to her. She was almost childishly delighted at its recovery. She kissed it repeatedly.

"My poor father's gift! My poor father's engraving!" she cried. "See there—J. F.!—my initials for Jane Fatima; but my stage name was Airy Fairy Vere when I lost it."

I had not expected this. Her shocking conduct exasperated me. I explained my connection with the crescent in terms of withering sarcasm. I spoke of the tatooing. She showed her shoulder at once. My temper became more violent as I talked. I used some unjustifiable language. She reminded me that in her marriage with me she had been as grievously deceived as myself. She had married me as the possessor of ten thousand a year, and had been undeceived when too late. As the deception had not been my fault, she had made up her mind to say nothing about it. Money was not everything in the world.

Her conduct, contrasting so strongly with mine, vexed and irritated me more. Her own temper rose. Bitter words passed between us. I struck her.

"No man shall ever strike me a second time!" she cried, as she bounced out of the room.

I neither followed nor softened. I persuaded myself that I was the injured party.

My cousin came in, with a look of alarm on her face.

"You have been quarreling!" she said.

"I know it!" I muttered; "leave me alone; I want to be alone."

An hour afterwards my wife and her maid left Rome, and I neither saw nor heard of her for a whole year.

My narrative, thank goodness, is drawing to a close. I was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and I had gone to Wiesbaden for the waters and the baths. One evening, as I was resting on the sofa in my window and smoking a cigar, I saw a figure among the flower parterres that I instantly recognized. It was my wife. Time had mellowed and softened the memory of our quarrel. I had learned to recognize that I was in the wrong. I longed to apologize and to ask her forgiveness on my knees. I rung for a waiter. Before he arrived I had changed my mind.

"To-morrow will do," I thought; "I will send a message for her to-morrow."

When I retired that night I was so happy that I could not sleep. I was exceedingly sorry that I had not effected the reconciliation on the impulse of the better moment.

"To-morrow," I muttered. Then I fell asleep.

How long I slept is more than I can tell, but—

I find I am using precisely the same language to describe my experiences as that I have already used to describe my vision, or nightmare. As the experiences were absolutely identical, the language, to be accurate, should also be identical. It is therefore not necessary to repeat it. The same woman—whom I now recognized to be my wife—the same dress, the right arm behind her, the fixed, flashing eyes, the stealthy tread, the rustling of satin, the uplifted arm, the gleam of the long blade, the diamond stars, the sensation of the eager steel on my breastbone, the yell, the fainting fit, all were perfectly and sequentially reproduced.

But in the latter case there was this important difference: An actual blow had been struck, and real blood was flowing.

My life had been saved by the merest chance. The point of the weapon had been intercepted by the firm sternum-bone. The wound was painful, but not serious. I never said a word about it to a living soul.

"I was wrong in striking her," I said to myself, "and now we are equal. Let me go in peace."

I have never seen my wife since.

Here the narrative closed. My friend Doctor S——, however, had something to add. Ten years afterwards, he said, husband and wife again met in Rome. Neither had thought of marrying. They were brought together through the diplomacy of Cousin Emma, and were perfectly reconciled.

"When I saw them last in Paris," said the doctor in conclusion, "they were apparently a most loving couple, happy as turtle-doves."

MY GHOST.

A NIGHTMARE EXTRAORDINARY!

BY VICTORIA VOKES.

I am not timid or nervous as a rule, and a thorough unbeliever in ghosts; and yet, as I looked at the room I was to occupy on that—to me—never-to-be-forgotten night, I could not help thinking that if any spirit, friendly or otherwise, wished to pay me a nocturnal visit, it could scarcely find a better opportunity. It was a spacious, old-fashioned, uncomfortable-looking room, filled with dark, dingy, useless old furniture. But my attention was chiefly directed to the bed, which stood in the middle of the room, and was hung all round with heavy curtains, which, "once upon a time," I have no doubt were rich and rare, but now looked as if "the light of other days" had been remarkably successful in the fading process. The first thing I did was to pull them all up, securely fastening the knots down, as there was no other backing to the bedstead.

It was with a feeling of relief that I left the room and descended the stairs with, perhaps, a little more alacrity than usual to join my people at supper. But in that rapid descent I formed a firm resolve to detain that supper till the "witching hour" had passed.

I will not dwell on the feeble attempts I made to be funny and amuse my family; I don't know who was to blame, but I felt I was not so successful as I wished to be, or my family—owing, perhaps, to a long, fatiguing journey—was less appreciative than usual. My gayety was forced and my jokes were execrable. I had that they called forth a gentle reproof from my too indulgent mother; such as: "My dear, you are talking too much and not eating," or "You look tired; don't you think you had better go to bed?" The last remark only stimulated me to fresh exertions; but, in spite of the cheerful subjects I tried to start, the conversation would turn on ghosts! My brother told a thrilling story, and my sister recounted a nightmare she had once had, as she knew I had never had one. I'm afraid I did not pay as much attention to the recital as I ought to have done (I had heard it before); but what did impress me was when she said "it was most realistic," and felt she "wanted to scream and could not."

I looked at the clock; there was still another quarter! Which should I do: own to a nameless fear, and shock my brother and sister's raillery on my cowardice, or—A knock; it was the lady in charge of the house—we had taken it for a week; she wanted to know if we had all we required, as she had sent the servants to bed, but she would be most happy herself to get anything for us.

I saw at a glance she was a woman not at all averse to talking, and I determined she should indulge in that little propensity for at least a quarter of an hour. I asked her to sit down, in spite of the hasty retreat of my brother and the warning looks of my mother. I inquired, with much apparent interest, the state of her health—of course I was grieved to hear that she was far from well. She was sure there was going to be a thunder-storm. She felt that nervous and restless—it always affected her so—she was that frightened of them. I duly sympathized with her, and told her I was a fellow-sufferer. My mother and sister looked surprised, as they felt at my silent endurance for so many years. But I had gained my object; the dreaded hour had passed; and I was now as anxious to retire as anyone.

For the first time in my memory I burnt a night-light; it gave a feeble glimmer, and only seemed to make the darkness visible. But I was too thankful to take much notice of anything. After securing the door by a bolt, pulling up the blind, and opening the window at the foot of my bed to give a little more light and air, it was not long before I fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep. How long it lasted I am not quite sure; but I awoke with a start—there was a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, and I attributed the cause of my wakefulness to that.

Glancing round the room, my eyes were suddenly riveted on the door. Could I be mistaken? No: the door I had firmly bolted was open! and a black, shapeless figure was slowly coming towards me!

I trembled in every limb; my forehead was dank, and my lips twitched nervously. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart to try and lessen its beating; but in all the wild confusion of blending and blurring of light and darkness, the rolling and crashing of thunder, my eyes never moved from that unearthly form, as it glided noiselessly along and stopped at the foot of my bed. I felt its eyes were upon me. Then, as it stood, with uplifted arms, as if invoking a blessing or a curse, there came another flash and a terrific peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the house.

I closed my eyes. A chill crept over me. My blood seemed freezing in my veins! Then all was still—and my heart ceased its tumultuous beating in that awful calm. The suspense was too much to bear, and I had to look again. There was another flash, and I gazed round the room; the figure had disappeared.

Then, quick as that flash, came the thought that I had got a nightmare, brought on, no doubt, by my sister's account of hers.

I closed my eyes again with a feeling of relief, and drew the clothes over my head. I could not see or hear anything; but I felt intuitively the curtains at the back of my bed were being opened! It was not imagination now; the clothes were being slowly removed from my face, and the black figure was bending over me!

My agony at that moment is beyond description. I tried to scream or move; but I had lost all control of voice and limb; a cold, deathlike feeling came over me; and when my pillow moved, and I felt I was being lifted up, my already overtaxed nerves gave way, and, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

I was awakened with a hand at my door, and "Get up, lazy," from my brother. "I'd back you against the Seven Sleepers any day." He also informed me that everyone in the house was hoarse with calling me; and that he thought he should have to take a box of bronchial troches himself.

I told him to call my mother. There was something in my voice that startled him, for he went at once. I hardly knew it myself, but I had caught sight of the bolt; it was fastened as I had left it!

Hearing my mother coming up the stairs, with trembling hands I drew it back. She was shocked at seeing my pallid face. I told her I had had a sleepless night, and that I did not feel very well. She told me to remain in bed, and sent for a cup of tea. Mrs. M—— brought it up herself.

As she entered the room she said: "Poor dear, you do look bad; but it's only what I expected after last night; and sure, when I looked at you, I thought you were dead—with your eyes wide open, and your face as white as the pillow!"

I looked at her. I was speechless with astonishment; and it was not until I heard her say to my mother: "Is she subject to fits?" that I sufficiently recovered to ask: "Did you come into my room last night?" Oh! the relief when her answer came: "Yes, my dear. I heard how frightened you were of thunder, and when that storm came on I felt more nervous for you than I did for myself, and so I told my husband. He advised me to come and see how you were; and I'm glad I did, for you were lying on your back, with your face covered over—which is unhealthy. I soon removed the clothes, and I shall never forget the turn you gave me. Your eyes were wide open; and you seemed gasping for breath, so I slipped my hands under the p

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing of amusements in the British metropolis during Christmas-week, says: "Pantomime at Drury-lane and Covent garden reigns supreme and in the most gorgeous trappings. The Lyceum maintains its popularity. 'The Corsican Brothers' will on Monday next (Jan. 3) be succeeded by 'The Cup,' Tennyson's new two-act tragedy, over the two scenes and dresses for which Henry Irving has spent $10,000, his object being a double one—to advance the interests of the poetical drama and bring Ellen Terry once more into the bill, from which 'The Corsican Brothers' has too long excluded her. Robertson's comedies are found to answer at the Haymarket, though there is a new project afoot there, either a revival of 'Masks and Faces' or a new comedy by F. C. Burnand. Coghlan's 'Good Fortune' at St. James' is not a success. 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing' is to be revived in its place, and it will be played with a new comedy by Pinero entitled 'The Money Spinner.' Mme. Modjeska still draws money at the Court, and Coghlan's 'A New Trial' is fairly well received at the Prince of Wales'. It is like looking back thirty years to note that 'The Green Bushes' is the Adelphi attraction, while the old-fashioned taste which approves of this class of melodrama still finds a genuine, humorous flavor in 'The Guv'nor' at the Vaudeville and 'The Upper Crust' at the Folly. 'Strogoff' will not be ready for the Adelphi until Spring, when Chas. Warner will challenge criticism once more in the sort of role he can play. Comic opera holds the stage at the Strand, the Globe, and the Comique. 'The Pirates of Penzance' shows no decay in popularity, and the 'Pinafore' is sung and played at matinees. The new ballet at the Alhambra is entitled 'Hawaia.' It tells in pleasant music and the poetry of moving feet and rustling processions the story of a young Portuguese-American admiral and his love, and all the various resources of the theatre are brought into the service of the designer of the ballet, the scenic-artists and the costumers. 'Hawaia' is an excellent 'show.' At Sadler's Wells Mrs. Bateman [See elsewhere for account of her death—ED.] is giving 'The School for Scandal,' with Warner, Vezin, Brooke, young Farren and other well-known artists in the male parts, and her daughter Virginia as Lady Teazle. There is a 'fairy romance' called 'Utopia' at the Polytechnic, 'A Merry Christmas' at German Reed's, a variety entertainment at the Victoria, and pantomimes at the Standard, Surrey and Grecian."

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.—According to *The Parisian*, a spectator placed in an *avant-scene* at the Palais Royal laughed so heartily that his false teeth fell with a funereal rattle upon the head of one of the musicians. The teeth were picked up and deposited in the hands of the *contrôleur* of the theatre. After the performance was over four persons came to claim them, attracted doubtless by the gold mounting.

A CABLEGRAM dated Jan. 13 announces the destruction by fire of the Cronstadt (Copenhagen) Theatre. The director and seven others are stated to have lost their lives.

MUSICAL.

GUNGL, the conductor and composer of dance-music, is to conduct the orchestra at the balls of the Paris Opera this Winter.

AMBROISE THOMAS, director of the Conservatoire, Paris, has been promoted to the grade of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

"LE TRIBUT DE ZAMORA" will, it is expected, be ready for production at the Paris Opera at the latter end of February.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

WOOD AND WEST have left Haverly's Mastodons, and are to take charge of twelve clog-dancers and song-and-dance men at Moore & Burgess' Minstrels. The company now numbers seventy-five performers, it is said.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS NENEMOOSHA and a troupe of North American Indians were among the attractions opening at the Alexandra Palace, London, Eng., Boxing-day (Dec. 27).

THE TRIGGER.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

We herewith publish the conditions governing the first competition for *The Sportsman* Cup, offered by the proprietors of the English journal named as a trophy emblematic of the championship of the world at pigeon-shooting: "For the first contest for *The Sportsman* Championship of the World Challenge Cup all competitors shall enter into a sweepstakes of $500 each, to shoot at 100 pigeons, at 30yds. rise, five traps 5yds. apart, 1¼oz. of shot exact, double guns, use of both barrels, guns not to exceed 8lb in weight. When shooting in an inclosed ground, the ground to be the boundary, but, if on an open ground, 80yds. fall allowed, to be measured from the centre-trap. Competition to take place under Gun Club conditions. The holder of the cup to defend his title to the trophy against all-comers for a period of two years, a match to take place within two months from the date of any challenge if in England, or within three months if abroad, in the event of the cup being taken abroad, the holder to find sureties for the value of the trophy or deposit the amount in money with the proprietors of *The Sportsman* before taking the cup from England. The first contest for the cup will take place in February next on the ground of the Gun Club, Hendon. Entries will be received up to within a fortnight of the date of the match, but must be accompanied by a deposit of $125, the remainder of the $500 to be made good at the time of the closing of the entries, all parties failing to do so forfeiting the amount down, which will go to the winner of the competition. For the opening contest only the proprietors of *The Sportsman* will assume the management of the shoot, finding trappers, officials and birds, in order that not the slightest favor may be shown. The winner will receive the entire amount of the sweepstakes, will become the holder of the championship trophy, and will in addition receive half the gate-money after the payment of expenses. All future contests will take place on the ground of the winner of any challenger and the holder of the cup, the donors simply reserving to themselves the right of appointing a referee if the event takes place in England. The trophy will be a handsomely designed silver vase of the value of $500.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this Association was held in this city Jan. 11. The principal business transacted was the passing of a resolution which set forth that the Association found it inexpedient to accept the invitation extended by the Earl of Stanhope to send a team to compete in an all-comers match at Wimbledon, Eng., in July next. It was the sense of the Association that, by accepting such an invitation, the members would be untrue to themselves, as thereby honors achieved in past International competitions would virtually be thrown away. The terms of H. G. Litchfield, D. W. Judd, J. Ward, E. H. Sanford and Henry Fulton having expired, and two members having resigned, the following directors were elected: John R. Andrews, F. H. Holton, D. W. Judd, A. Alford, G. J. Seabury, Josiah Porter and W. H. Murphy. After the adjournment of the Association the directors met, and elected the following officers: President, E. A. Buck; vice-president, Gen. G. W. Wingate; treasurer, D. W. Judd; secretary, Frank J. Donaldson; W. H. Murphy, G. S. Schermerhorn and J. H. Cowperthwaite.

BOGARDUS vs. CARVER.

The Chicago Field is authorized to say for Captain Bogardus that he will accept of Dr. Carver's challenge to shoot a match for $2,500, thirty yards rise, from five traps, one hundred pigeons each, and will give the Doctor the choice of bore (10 or 12 gauge) and of the rules for governing the match, making, however, these stipulations: First, that if the match takes place within an inclosure, and an admission-fee is charged, that the whole of the gate-receipts shall go with the stakes. Second, that the time be extended, as engagements already made will keep him in this country until and during March, and he therefore could not leave here before April. He will, however, make the date of his departure as early in April as possible, and shoot the match within two weeks after his arrival in England, providing he is well. If not, he will want sufficient time to get fit and right. He also expects Dr. Carver to deposit $250 with *Bell's Life* to pay his expenses.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—The monthly shoot for the double-bird trophy of the Long Island Club was held at Dexter's Park, near Cypress Hills, on Jan. 11. Each competitor fired at seven pairs of birds, from H and T ground-traps, handicap rise, 100 yards fall, ties shot off at three pairs each, and the result was as follows, the full number of birds killed being given: G. F. Gildersleeve (21 yards), 24; R. Barker (21), 23; G. Creed (21), 11; Wm. Wynn (23), 9; A. Eddy (23), 9; H. Wood (19), 9; W. G. Hoyt (18), 3. Referee, Capt. Anthony. The annual meeting was held the same evening, when the following officers were chosen: President, Dr. H. F. Aten; vice-president, Geo. H. Post; secretary, A. Elmendorf; treasurer, Dr. J. C. Munroe; directors—G. H. Creed, W. M. Baxter and Wm. Wynn.

A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH, twenty tame birds each, 21yds. rise, for $25 a side, was shot by Arthur Coombs of the Queen City Club and ex-Alderman Quinn, Audubon Club, at Byron Shultz's Park, Buffalo Plains, N. Y., Jan. 13, Coombs winning by a score of 16 to 15. Sweepstake-shooting followed, Haskin of the Queen City Club winning twice, and Jewett of the Audubons once, while Oering and Coombs twice shared second money, and third fell to John Warner.

SKATING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The announcement of the one-hundred-mile race for the title of champion of America at that distance, a belt worth $200, and a sweepstakes of one hundred dollars each, to take place at the quarter-mile track of the Manhattan Polo Association, this city, Feb. 12, has created considerable stir among those whose pretensions run in that direction. John Ennis has already put down his name for a chance at the honors, trophy and cash, and, judging from what has occurred in the past, his old antagonist C. St. Clair Millard, and his would-be opponent of a year ago, Rudolph Goetz, both Western men of note as long-distance skaters, will join with him in the race. Canadian experts and professionals nearer home may also be expected to enter. The belt is a challenge trophy, and all subsequent matches or sweepstakes will be managed by the contestants themselves. Entries will close Feb. 5 with Wm. B. Curtis, *Spirit of the Times*, P. O. Box 938, New York City.

WINDSOR SKATING RINK.—At this resort, Eighth avenue, 56th and 57th streets, this city, a twenty-five-mile skating race for the amateur championship of America is fixed for Saturday, Jan. 22, at 7.45 P. M. Handsome gold medals to first, second and third. Entrance-fee, $1. Entries close Wednesday, Jan. 19, and should be addressed to A Macmillan, at the rink.

"VIDOCQ THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," new edition, recently published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., is a book that will find many readers, and is as interesting as revelations of criminal life can well be. The life of the great French detective giving title to this volume has been faithfully depicted, and Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who furn shes an introductory chapter and personal recollections, has also performed his part thoroughly well.

BASEBALL.

THE BASE-PLAY OF 1880.

For many years past have we, season after season, endeavored to press upon the professional fraternity the importance of skillful base-running in winning matches, as well as to show them the many fine points that were capable of being developed in first-class base-play. Judging from the fact that the finest base-running and base-play ever witnessed in the professional arena was exhibited during the season of 1880, the indications are that the lessons that have been taught have at last yielded fruit. With all the skill shown last season in this special department of the game, there are yet some things to be learned. Experience is frequently a good teacher, but her lessons are costly at times. There are players, however, who will not derive their knowledge of how to play the points of the game well from any other source, and hence it is that years have been required to develop a degree of skill in base-play and base-running which might otherwise have been attained in a single season or two. Backing each other up is one great feature of the play of first-class basemen. Indeed, infield work can never be effectually attended to without it. Backing-up is, in fact, an essential of successful fielding in every part of the diamond, but especially is it necessary in the infield. When the old method of fielding in vogue twenty years ago at Hoboken is remembered and contrasted with such fielding as was exhibited by the champion Chicagos in 1880, one can readily see what a vast improvement has taken place, not only in fielding generally, but especially in base-play. In the old times the only infielder who ever thought of backing up a companion was the short-stop, and even he considered that his chief duty in this respect was to attend to the pitcher only. Base-players of the olden time, with some rare exceptions, never thought of leaving their positions to field a ball, or to assist in fielding it, which went to any position save their own, hence base-running was done in that time which yielded bases such as could not be run now in any of our nines. Throwing to first base to catch a runner napping was a frequent thing in the old days—now it is justly regarded as a play of only exceptional occurrence. Now and then there may be a pitcher who has a rare knack of dodging a runner out by a throw of this kind; but, as a general rule, no strategic pitcher will allow himself to be put out of pitching-form by the efforts of a daring runner to induce him to throw to first base. The rule now is for the pitcher to trust to his strategic delivery to the bat to catch the runner at first base at fault, and this he does by causing the batsman to force him out at second. Under the new rules, by which the pitcher is set back five feet nearer to second base, throwing to first base to put a runner out will almost be entirely done away with, the pitcher's efforts how being devoted to inducing the runner on first to go down to second, where he will now have a better chance to throw him out than ever before. Base-runners will have to look sharper in running to second now than before, while second-basemen will have more work to do in holding balls thrown from the pitcher than hitherto. We noticed in the play of the best base-running teams of 1880 that, when a long fly-ball was hit to the outfield, runners on the bases held possession of their bases until the ball touched the hands of the fielder, and was either caught or dropped. Such runners never left their bases when the ball was hit—or, if they did, under the impulse of the moment, they invariably ran back to the base and waited, when they saw that the ball was hit high to the outfield—but stayed on them, ready to run on the catch or the drop. Runners who blundered in their work would invariably run halfway down and stop and watch the ball, and, in case of a catch, they would thereby have an additional forty or fifty feet to run, besides gaining little or nothing if the ball was dropped. Sharp base-running is half the battle in a cleverly-contested match. One reason is that quick running will yield base-hits, where slow running causes the batsman to be put out. Quickness in starting is a great thing; but the feature of base-running is the judgment necessary to know when to start, and the nerve to do what you start to do. The invariable rule in base-running is that the "runner who hesitates is lost." Either go and take all risks, or don't start at all until you are forced to by the batsman.

Every base-player requires to be a man with all his wits about him, especially the occupants of second and third base. Some splendid second-base play was done by Burdock, Ferguson, Quest, Farrell, Gerhardt, Dunlap, and a few others last season, while some masterly third-base play was shown by Morrissey, Williamson and one or two others. In first-base play the veteran Joe Start bore off the palm; Sullivan also did some fine first-base play, Meyerle leading in the National arena. We look to see better base-play and better base-running the coming season than was done even during the past year, for better discipline will necessarily prevail, and with that will necessarily come improved play in the points of the game.

BASEBALL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The R. E. Lees played the Remy Clarkes at New Orleans, La., Jan. 2, when the former won easily in a game limited to six innings on account of darkness. Denny Mack was unable to play with the Lees, having had his arm poisoned from the elbow to the wrist by being cut by a piece of copper. The Lees set off with four successive safe hits and batted Dunn very hard throughout the game, while the Clarkes were unable to hit Collins' very effective delivery. "Mullane" commenced pitching, and presented the first three batsmen of the Clarkes with bases on called balls, whereupon Collins was substituted. In the sixth inning "Mullane" started in again to pitch; but after he had sent the first two batsmen to their bases on called balls his place was taken by Collins. "Mullane's" record as above given is a remarkable instance of wild pitching.

R. E. LEE.	T. R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Miller, r. f..	4	3	1	0	0
Bond, c....	4	2	1	8	1
Collins, p....	4	2	3	3	6
Richm'nd, 3b.	4	2	1	0	0
Remon, l. f..	4	0	2	0	0
Brennan, c..	4	1	2	2	1
Mullane, c. f.	4	0	2	0	0
Landry, 1b..	4	3	2	8	1
M'nding'r, 2b.	3	0	1	1	2
Totals...	35	14	14	18	12

R. CLARKE.	T. R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Rebenac, c. f.	3	2	0	0	1
Hall, 3b....	3	0	0	1	1
Gregnon, lb.	3	1	2	7	0
Groves, c....	3	0	0	3	3
Reckert, 2b.	3	0	0	3	2
Fitzpatrick, rf	3	0	0	0	0
McDonald, ss	3	2	0	0	1
Dunn, p....	3	0	0	2	0
Beaumont, lf	3	0	1	0	0
Totals...	27	7	3	16	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
R. E. Lee.....	6	1	4	2	0	1	—	—	—	14
Remy Clarke....	3	0	1	0	1	1	—	—	—	7

Umpire, Pierce Grace of the Crescents. Time, 1h.

THE YALE CLUB'S NEW GROUND.

The Yale Club have issued a circular to the graduates and friends of the University explanatory of the movement now on foot to secure a permanent ground for the use of the collegians. This movement is rendered necessary by the high rents charged for the grounds now used, the owners' intention to cut them up for building-lots as soon as it will pay, and the fact that Yale is obliged to go a mile and a half to find a practice-ground, while her rivals, Harvard in particular, have fields of their own close at hand. It is proposed to purchase a field for baseball, football, and other field athletics, and to improve it by fencing and grading, by building suitable accommodations for spectators, and by laying a track. The whole expense, amounting to about $20,000, must be borne by those who believe in manly sports for college men. By March 1 a piece of land will in all probability be secured. It is expected that by that time $15,000 will be available. $12,000 have already been subscribed.

SUGGESTIONS.—An old Canadian ball-tosser, writing from St. Marv's, Ontario, on the 10th inst., thus discourses on what he regards as advisable improvements in the rules of the game: "I have played baseball nearly forty years, and have been a reader of THE CLIPPER since its first issue. I heartily endorse and approve your efforts to improve the game, although 'the machine' seems to be against you. When I first played we *threw* the ball, standing twenty yards from the home-base. When the girls' style of tossing or pitching was introduced we went up five yards nearer. Now that we are throwing again let us go back to the original distance and lay aside the present mockery of pretended pitching. It will favor the batsman and bat and improve the whole game. The restriction on running bases on fly-catches should be taken off. The batsman would be out, of course, but let the other base-runners go as they please on every *fair hit*. I can see no reason why that kind of sacrifice-hit should be barred, and it is more taking and gets the measure of the pitcher better than putting the ball down towards first base. If a base-runner is unavoidably hit by a batted ball, he should not be out. If anyone is punished for that, it should be the batsman. Sacrifice-hits for the good of the side should be scored as base-hits. A batsman hit by the pitcher while standing fairly in his position should be given his base."

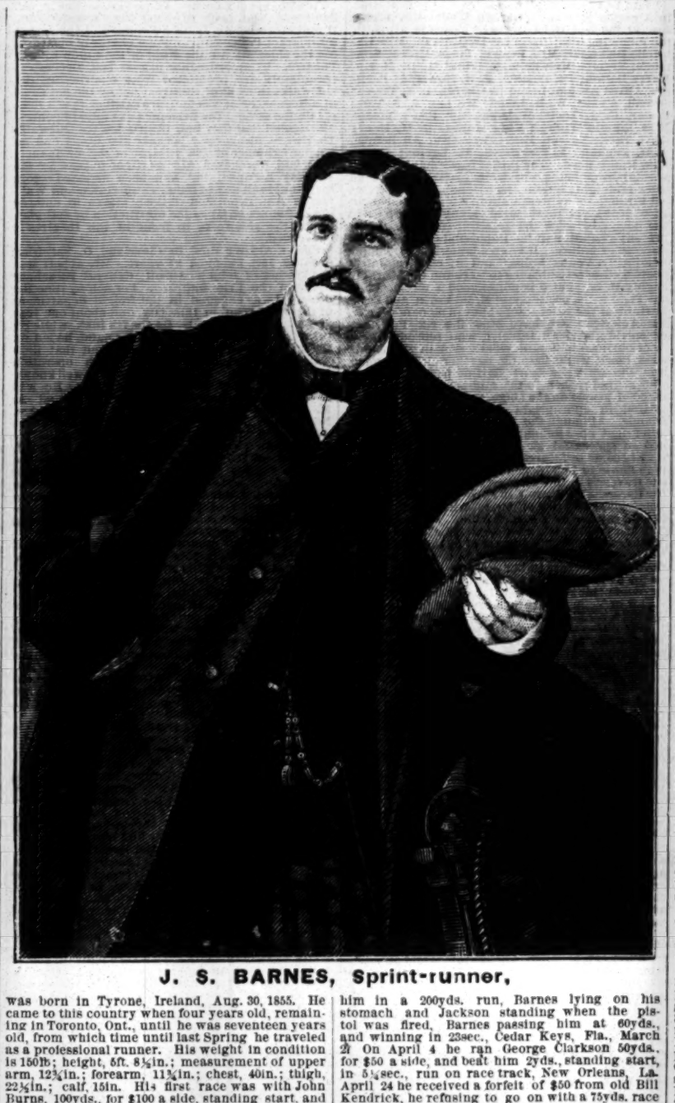
ATHLETIC.

TWENTY-MILES AMATEUR RUN.

Much interest was felt among amateurs in this event, for which the London Athletic Club offered handsome prizes to the first three men, silver medals to all who covered the distance inside of 2h. 1m., and bronze for such as might excel 2h. 14m., while a gold medal was offered to whoever should cut 1h. 57m. It was decided at the Stamford Bridge Grounds on Saturday, Jan. 1, and produced a large field of starters, no one of whom got as high as the standard fixed, although the winner succeeded in beating the best time previously made by an amateur for this distance—P. H. Stenning, 2h. 8m. 18s. In view of the excellence of the record made, the victor was awarded the gold medal in addition to the main prize for placed men. The result, with time made by the first nine contestants, and interesting details of the race, are herewith given: G. A. Dunning, Clapton Beagles (scratch), first, in 2h. 56m. 44s.; T. R. Sachs, T. H. H. (15m. 30s. start), 2d, 2h. 19m. 22s., second; C. F. Turner, Spartan Harriers (4m. 30s.), 2h. 9m. 25s., third; W. Lock, Spartan Harriers (8m. 30s.), 2h. 14m. 4s., fourth; J. E. Dixon, Hampstead Harriers (8m. 15s.), 2h. 14m. 54s., fifth; H. Bibbings, South London Harriers (6m.), 2h. 13m. 26s., sixth; F. Burford, Bristol (6m. 30s.), 2h. 14m. 30s., seventh; J. A. Voelcker, T. H. H. (5m.), 2h. 14m. 24s., eighth; W. Haden, Temple B. C. (8m. 30s.), 2h. 18m. 26s., ninth. A start was effected shortly after two o'clock. Dunning covered his first mile in 5m. 14s., he then leading Stenning (scratch) by ten yards. Stenning retired on reaching eight miles, and at ten miles Sachs was still pioneer. Running in grand form, however, Dunning was gradually but surely overhauling the front division, his time for the half distance being 55m. 14s. Two miles further on, however, Lock had deprived Sachs of the lead, and at fourteen miles Foreman (4min.) had run into second place. The effort, however, was undoubtedly too much for him, as shortly afterwards, through adopting walking tactics, he again fell into the rear, Dunning having at that point run into fourth place. At 17¼ miles Dunning, amidst loud cheering, took the lead, and from this stage of the journey the race was for him, of course, a foregone conclusion, the game little scratch-man eventually winning by 1,000 yds., 300 yds. dividing second and third. Sths, third and fourth, 65s. fourth and fifth, 47s. fifth and sixth, 54s. sixth and seventh, and 56s. seventh and eighth.

"SPORTING LIFE COMPANION."—Our thanks are due to Geo. W. Atkinson for a copy of this very interesting little pocketbook, issued at intervals each year from the office of *The Sporting Life*, London, Eng. It contains a mass of information in a small compass.

THE FIRST FEMALE PEDESTRIAN CONTEST which ever took place in the vicinity of London, Eng., came off on a fourteen-lap track in the banqueting-hall of the Alexandra Palace Dec. 27. It was a thirty-mile race, and the contestants were Madame Blanche Victor, Madame Florence and Madame Englo. Victor won in 5h. 46m. 27s. Florence covered 25 miles 8 laps, and Englo 23 miles 9 laps.



J. S. BARNES, Sprint-runner,

was born in Tyrone, Ireland, Aug. 30, 1855. He came to this country when four years old, remaining in Toronto, Ont., until he was nineteen years old, from which time until last Spring he traveled as a professional runner. His weight in condition is 150lb; height, 5ft. 8½in.; measurement of upper arm, 12¾in.; forearm, 11¼in.; chest, 40in.; thigh, 22½in.; calf, 15in. His first race was with John Burns, 100yds., for $100 a side, standing start, and "the junior championship of Canada." Barnes won by eight feet in 11sec., Toronto, Oct. 12, 1871. He next ran John Lang, 200yds., $50 a side, standing start, beating him thirty feet in 22sec., on the Lachine road, Oct. 7, 1872. His next race was with Jim Frisbie, 75yds., for $100 a side, standing start, beating him five feet in 7½sec., Buffalo, N. Y., June 3, 1873. He received $100 forfeit from B. Kehl in a 150yds. match, Cleveland, O., June 10, following. His fourth opponent was Jasper Smyth, 150yds., $200 a side, flying start, Barnes beating him three yards in 15½sec., Cleveland, June 12. His fifth race was with Charles Rankin, 80yds., for $120 a side, flying start, beating him two yards in 7¾sec., Buffalo, N. Y., July 20, 1873. James Comeskey came next, 100yds., $500 a side, standing start, and Barnes won in 11sec., Driving Park, Rochester, N. Y., July 28, 1873. In April, 1874, he went to England to run in a handicap, but was taken sick, the climate not agreeing with him, and he was forced to return without running. He met Thomas Carval, to whom he gave two yards in 150, and won by six feet, $50 a side, standing start, in 15¼sec., Paterson, N. J., June 20, 1876. Next to fall before him was George H. Livingston, 125yds., $500 a side, at the Olympic Baseball Grounds, Paterson, N. J., Aug. 5, following, Barnes beating him a foot; time, 12¾sec. He conceded Thomas Carroll 10yds. in 150, for $50 a side, and was beaten by two feet in 15½sec., Paterson, N. J., Aug. 10. He won a gold medal for the "championship of Rhode Island," 150yds., Providence, at the Irish games, in the reported time of 15½sec., standing start, Aug. 15. He ran Benny Scholes, alias Rogers, 80yds., $50 a side, the latter conceding him five feet start, and Barnes winning by, 12 feet in 8sec., Toronto, half-mile track, Sept. 10. He received $200 forfeit from Scholes in a $500 match to be run at Toronto, 75yds., flying start, Toronto, Sept. 24, 1876. He ran James McLaughlin, 100yds., for $50 a side, beating him three yards, standing start, in 10¼sec., at Kingston, Canada, Oct. 4, 1876. He again beat McLaughlin, 75yds., in heats, two in three, for $100 a side, flying start, his best time 7sec., City Park, Kingston, Canada, Oct. 6. His next opponent was Nat Harris, whom he ran in succession three races, 50yds., for $50 a side each race, the three being run inside of nine minutes. The announced times, standing start, were 6sec., 6sec., and 5¼sec., Thunderbolt track, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 20, 1877. He conceded Charles Harnshaw four yards in 125, for $200 a side, Barnes passing him at 30yds. and winning by six yards in 12¾sec., on the hardsheil road, Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 25. Charles Jackson (2yds. start) was next beaten by him in a 200yds. run, Barnes lying on his stomach and Jackson standing when the pistol was fired, Barnes passing him at 60yds., and winning in 23sec., Cedar Keys, Fla., March 21. On April 4 he ran George Clarkson 50yds., for $50 a side, and beat him 2yds., standing start, in 5¼sec., run on race track, New Orleans, La. April 24 he received a forfeit of $50 from old Bill Kendrick, he refusing to go on with a 75yds. race for $100 side at Chicago, Ill. His twentieth race was with James McLaughlin, 150yds., flying start, for $50 a side, and was won by Barnes in 15s. by 6yds., Toronto Cricket Ground, Toronto, June 27. He conceded Charles Zigman 5yds. in 150, and beat him by 10yds., for $50 a side, in 15¾s., Davisville, Ont., Sept. 23. He was beaten by S. Caruthers 100 yds., for $100 a side, scratch start, after scoring one point. He was then suffering from a rupture of the thigh, and was forced to go over the score. After running 40yds. he had to stop from pain when a foot ahead. Toronto Cricket Ground, May 24, 1878. He again ran Caruthers 75yds for $200 a side, standing start, and beat him 5yds., same place, June 15. He ran James Simpson 75yds., for $1,000 a side, standing start, Barnes winning by 5ft in 7¾s., Topeka, Kan., on horse-track, Aug. 5. George Webster then met him in 100yds. race, for $1,250 a side, Barnes winning in 10¼s. by 6yds. It was a standing start, Barnes getting the best of the pistol, Toronto Cricket Grounds, Sept. 5. He again ran Caruthers 75yds., for $200 a side and the championship of Ontario, Caruthers winning by 6in. in 7¾s., same place, Oct. 25, 1878. On March 14, 1879, he again ran Caruthers 75yds., for $100 a side and the championship of Ontario, beating him by five yards in 7sec., flying start, Lake Shore road, Toronto. On Nov. 15, 16, 18, 1879, he took part in a 120yds. race, for $100, divided, at the Toronto Cricket Grounds. He was placed next to the scratch, five feet from the score. In the first heat he beat J. Rudell (30ft. start), four yards; in the second heat he was beaten a yard by R. H. Sparkes (25ft. start); and in the third and last heat he beat G. W. Irvine (20ft. start), thereby becoming entitled to third money. On Dec. 13, 1879, he is stated to have made a bet of $50 a side with J. C. Daly that he could run 100yds. in 10sec., standing start. The money was placed in the hands of Hugh McKinnon, Chief-of-police of Belleville, the track was measured by J. C. Daly, D. C. Ross and P. H. McMahon, the pistol was fired by Mr. Hunter of the Prince Edward Hotel of Belleville, and the race was timed by P. H. McMahon, D. C. Ross, J. C. Daly, Robert Ray and James Jenkins. It is stated that all of their watches agreed in timing 9¾sec., being the figures. The second is said to have been dead level on the Lake-side track, Belleville. Affidavits in support of the above statements were some time ago received at this office; but as there was good reason to question the genuineness of the alleged performance, they were not published, and Barnes did not get the coveted record. Shortly after that he was engaged by an athletic club in Belleville and Napanee, Ont., and we believe he has not since taken part in a race.

MYERS TO VISIT ENGLAND.

The general desire among amateur athletes on both sides of the Atlantic to see the wonderful American runner L. E. Myers competing side by side with the cracks among the members of English clubs will, if nothing untoward transpires within the next few months, be gratified during the coming season. The Manhattan Athletic Club of this city, to which Myers belongs, held a meeting last week, and decided to send him as a representative of that club to compete at the amateur championship games to be held in the British metropolis in July. He will take his departure from New York the first week in June, and after appearing at said games, and probably at several club meetings, he will return to the States in time to take part in the amateur championship sports to take place here Sept. 25. The American champion betrays a laudible ambition to win laurels from the best men in England on their own grounds; and as the Manhattanites place implicit confidence in his invincibility, and a most cordial welcome by the press and fellow-amateurs of Albion's isle is assured him, they take pleasure in sending Myers on a mission which redounds greatly to the credit of the club itself, and will, we think, go far towards convincing now skeptical Englishmen of the extraordinary powers of the modest New-Yorker, and the genuineness of exceptionally fine performances not infrequently recorded here.

THIRTY-MILES AMATEUR WALK.

The London Athletic Club held an amateur long-distance walk at the Stamford Bridge, Fulham, London, Eng., Dec. 28, in which excellent work was done. The result, with the time of the eighteen men who won prizes by getting within the limit of 5h. 30m., was as follows: W. E. N. Coston, Southampton A. C., 4h. 46m. 52s; J. A. Squires, L. A. C., 4h. 48m. 52s; F. W. Firminger, L. A. C., 5h. 2m. 4s.; L. C. Thomas, L. A. C., 5h. 5m. 15s.; P. G. Hebblethwaite, L. A. C., 5h. 7m. 55s.; E. D. Johnson, L. A. C., 5h. 7m. 57s.; W. M. Colson, L. A. C., 5h. 8m. 20s.; H. H. Griffin, L. A. C., 5h. 9m. 45s.; H. B. Tween, T. R. C., 5h. 17m. 32s.; F. B. Montague, L. A. C., 5h. 18m. 25s.; A. S. Dunn, 5h. 18m. 45s.; E. H. Dixon, L. A. C., 5h. 20m. 18s.; P. G. Lane, 5h. 20m. 32s.; J. E. Dixon, Hampstead Harriers, 5h. 24m.; L. M. Potts, L. A. C., 5h. 24m. 20s.; G. F. Shepherd, Clapton Beagles, 5h. 26m. 47s.; H. W. Innes, C. U. A. C., 5h. 27m. 46s.; J. A. Voelcker, L. A. C., 5h. 28m. 4s. The first two competitors beat all previous records from at least fifteen miles up, and perhaps for two or three miles preceding the fifteenth, but the English sporting journals we have seen do not give the figures for every mile.

CHALLENGE TO SPRINTERS.

The appended challenge comes to us accompanied by a deposit of a half century, and should not be allowed to go begging:

PITTSBURG, Jan. 13, 1881.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find P. O order for fifty dollars, as a forfeit (or two hundred and fifty dollars, or more, to match Geo. H. Smith of Pittsburg, Pa., to run a foot race of one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty yards against any man now in America, excepting Chas. Mefford and J. T. Crossley. I will give or take reasonable expenses. My offer to remain open for acceptance thirty days from Jan 20, 1881. I remain yours, very respectfully, D. A. BERLIN.

THE SECOND annual Winter games of the Empire City Athletic Club will be given in the American Institute Building, this city, on Monday evening, Jan. 31. The following events will be contested: 75yds. run, handicap; 220yds. hurdle, handicap; 440yds. run, handicap; half-mile run, handicap; one-mile run, handicap; one-mile walk, handicap; two-mile walk, handicap; two-mile walk, for letter-carriers and members of the Police and Fire Departments (amateurs only); tug-of-war, 600lb (stripped); tug-of-war, six men, open to all amateur rowing associations, weight unlimited, for a stand of colors; tug-of-war, four men, for colored men, prize $20. Gold medals will be given to first and silver to second in each event, except tug-of-war (600lb), in which winners only will receive gold medals. Entrance-fee, 50c. per man for each and every event. All entries to be sent to Jos. Gordon, secretary, Thirty-ninth street and Second avenue.

BICYCLING.—A bicycle tourney, contestants to ride eight hours daily for six days, for prizes of $200, $100, $65, $50 and $35, was concluded at the Northumberland Cricket Club grounds, Newcastle, Eng., Jan. 1. Score: G. W. Waller, 731 miles 2 laps (ten to a mile); J. Cleminson, 730mls. 4 laps; J. W. Lamb, 730mls. 2 laps (a half-yard behind second); T. Battensby, 724mls. 1 lap; J. Battensby, 689mls. 9 laps; R. Roberts, 600mls. 1 lap. An eight-hours professional race, for men who had never won a six-days contest, resulted thus: W. Downey, 122mls. 8 laps; T. Lawson, 117mls. 5 laps; T. Waller, 117mls. 2 laps. A ten-miles amateur scratch race on the last day was won by W. Mills in 38m.; J. McEwen, second; W. Armstrong, third. A thirty-miles professional handicap was decided the same day; R. Roberts (30s.), 1, in 1h. 47m.; J. Skeene (60), 2; T. Waller (75), 3.

THE FIRST FEMALE PEDESTRIAN CONTEST which ever took place in the vicinity of London, Eng., came off on a fourteen-lap track in the banqueting-hall of the Alexandra Palace Dec. 27. It was a thirty-mile race, and the contestants were Madame Blanche Victor, Madame Florence and Madame Englo. Victor won in 5h. 46m. 27s. Florence covered 25 miles 8 laps, and Englo 23 miles 9 laps.

WILLIAMSBURG ATHLETIC CLUB.—At a meeting held by this club on Jan. 12 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. D. Little; vice-president, Frank Sparing; secretary, John Wood Jr.; recording secretary, F. Mason; treasurer, W. C. Bryant; financial secretary, J. G. Liddle; captain, G. A. Webster; first lieutenant, Theo. Choicener; second lieutenant, R. H. Clark; trustees—W. D. Liddle, J. Wood Jr., W. C. Bryant, Geo. A. Webster, J. G. Liddle, N. I. Lyon, L. H. Slocum, S. W. Wilson Jr., D. F. Gadsden, C. C. Haselton, Warren Gleason and John T. Roberts. There are now between two and three hundred members on the roll, and the reports read at the meeting showed the organization to be in a prosperous condition. They have one of the finest tracks in the country and a well-appointed club-house.

THE RING.

THE TIPTON SLASHER,

In *The London Telegraph* we find the following tribute to the memory of this illustrious pugilist of the old school, a portrait and obituary of whom appeard in a recent issue of THE CLIPPER: "Another great hero has quitted the scene of his exploits in the person of Mr. Perry, once known as the 'Tipton Slasher.' Into the merits and demerits of prize-fighting we do not propose to enter. It had its good aspect possibly; it certainly had its bad side. But the 'Tipton Slasher' was one of those pugilists who did little to disgrace the profession or profession into disrepute. It is on record that he fought hard but humanely, that his mastery was undoubted, and that, though he eventually succumbed to the superior strength or science or both of Tom Sayers, he was a skillful and gallant opponent. Following upon the heels of such renowned fighters as Randall, Hudson, Belasco, Martin, Cribb and Spring, he yet belonged to the class which considered that a fair and straightforward fight was a creditable and satisfactory performance. He and his friends, at any rate, held the knife and the revolver in abhorrence, contending that the fist was the most natural weapon, and that by its aid disputes should be settled. That class of men seems to have died out to a great extent, and it is for those who make the manners, customs and ethics of peoples their peculiar study to determine whether its disappearance is a gain or a loss to the nation."

WHITE vs. KELLY.

Whether the rival lightweights Frank White and Jimmy Kelly will ever come together in any other way than with the gloves largely depends on the outcome of the subjoined challenge, on account of which fifty dollars has been deposited:

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1881.

DEAR SIR—I have seen a card from Jimmy Kelly, in which he states that, seeing that I am not satisfied with what he is pleased to call my defeat by him, he stands ready to fight me according to the rules of the London prize ring, for $500 a side, or box me half an hour, clean hits only to count. Now, in the first place, Mr. Kelly never whipped me in his life, but won on an alleged foul the last time we fought; secondly, I do not make any pretensions to cleverness, and therefore would not stand the ghost of a chance if only clean hits counted. I am not a three-round exhibition sparrer; but I will fight Mr. Kelly according to the rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of $500 a side, and herewith deposit the sum of $50 to assure Mr. Kelly that I will be prepared to meet him at THE CLIPPER office on Thursday, Jan. 20, between 12 M and 1 P. M., to sign articles for the match. The reason I did not answer Mr. Kelly last week was that my backer was out of town. P. S.—I will, as usual, allow Mr. Kelly to weigh from 20lb to 25lb more than I weigh, fighting him at catch-weight. Yours, respectfully, FRANK WHITE.

JOHN H. CLARK

sometime ago brought suit to recover from John Duffy, formerly manager of the Grand Central Theatre in Philadelphia, the sum of $300, alleged to be due him for two nights' engagement to spar there, Jan. 7, 8, 1879. This was shortly before the time fixed upon for the decision of his match to fight an unknown in Canada, and the men with whom he was to spar were Arthur Chambers and Jack King. The police, fearing trouble if the affair was carried out, interfered and prevented the men meeting. Duffy's counsel in defense stated that Clark had knowingly agreed to participate in a pugilistic encounter upon which money was wagered, and that the contract was in consequence void under the laws of Pennsylvania, and the defendant was not bound to pay. Duffy also testified that Clark had gone to him and declined to fight, for the reason that he thought it was a put-up job to disable him, so that he could not go to Canada. The jury on Jan. 13 returned a verdict in favor of defendant.

UNCLE TOVEE'S TESTIMONIAL.

Lovers of boxing and all that the term implies will bear in mind that the benefit for the four-score-year-old ex-pugilist, once a pupil of the celebrated Peter Crawley, and familiar to old and young as "Uncle

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed, should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Jan. 17.

LADIES' LIST.

Azurine, Marie (2)
Allyn, Kittie
Bennett, Laura
Burnett, Ada
Barclay, Annie G. (2)
Boyd, Nellie
Bianco, Juliette
Barstal, Mrs. Fannie
Boyle, Awrie
Budworth, Emma
Bingham, Mrs. Mollie
Barnes, Maude (2)
Bailie, Mrs. Louisa
Cushman, Lottie
Cardigan, Cora (4)
Crotser, Mina
Clifton & Jon Redmond, Ada
Cops, Annetta
Dacre, Madam (2)
Duncan, Pearl (3)
Disconco, Mazzocchi, J.
Dieuple, Dottie
Ekstrom, Mrs. Fred
Fiske, May (4) 3c.
Forrester, Maude
Forrester, Jessie
Goodall, Rose
Gill, Mrs. Wm.
Harland, Rose
Herbert, Carrie
Howard, Sallie
Howard, Lillie
Hoffman, Emma
Herbert, Emily
Kellogg, Clara L.
Kingston, Agnes
Lang, Mrs. Dollie (2)
LaRue, Mrs. Lizzie
Lucille, Fannie
Lawrence, Ada
Langley, Jessie
Leyman, Eveline
Lindsay, Alice
Lee, Minnie
Lougee, Kittie
Leland, Jennie
Macarte, Mrs. Josephine
Marshall, Florence
Marcia & Ada Alb, Mlle.
Mealey, Mrs. Arthur J.
Morton, Jennie
May, Pauline
Mitchell, Mrs. Annie
May or Healey, Mrs. Florence
Mason, Lillie
Morris, Clara 2c.
Mills, Fannie J. (2)
Noxon, Nellie
Newton, Stella
Oates, Jennie (2)
Oswald, Maude
Oates, Alice
Palmer, Minnie
Pheanix, Ida
Prestige, Fannie
Parslow, Lillie
Pennan, Kate
Page, Mrs. Sarah E.
Parker, George
Phillips, Mrs. F. K.
Raymond, Annie
Rosa Comb., Mazeppa
Randall, Hattie
Ramsden, Daisie
Rainford, Alice
Rose, Millie
Sparrow, Miss
Seguin, Mrs.
St. Felix Sisters, The 4c.
Soldene's Manager
Stetson, Louise
Sutton, Blanche
Temple, Pauline
Teets, Jennie
Turner, Della
VanCortland, Ida
Wood, Fannie
Williams, Ida 9c.
Worland, Annie
Western, Lillie (2)
Wesner, Ella
Winnett, Lottie
Warner, Jeffreys
Yandis, Miss

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Alton, W. H. (3)
Austin, C. W. (2)
Andrews, Prof. (bird-show)
Anderson, Philip
Allison, Charlie
Aubrey, Bobt.
Ashley, Edward
Abbott, Sherry
Adams, Jason
Amann, Andy
Arnold, Amos D.
Aiken, Andrew W.
Aymar, Fred.
Bailey, J. A. (2)
Bartine, F.
Barnum, H.
Barnum, Geo. W.
Blossom, Nat
Binny, Frank
Bliss, Chas.
Boyton, Capt. P. (2)
Blakwell, W. 3c.
Brace, Frank
Bixby, F. L.
Barton, T. H.
Barlow, J. W.
Boothby, Dave (4)
Burke, John E.
Brewster, C. W.
Bonhart, Jr., Geo.
Beyer, Geo.
Brown, Daniel
Burgess, Neil (3)
Bark, Major
Brassler, W. L. P.
Bush, I. T. (2)
Bennett, Chas.
Brown, J. C.
Bouciault, Dion
Butler, Frank
Burton, E.
Bebee, James
Browne, R. S.
Bank, Georgs
Bloom, E. L.
Barnett, R. G. T.
Baughman, S. H.
Bailey, Jas. A.
Brazzier, R. L.
Barry, Tom
Balabrom, H. M.
Baldwin, Harry
Bennett, Frank
Batcheller & Dorlon
Beedle, D. D.
Brassler, R. K. L.
Burt, Chas.
Cone, Jr., Horace
Cransell, T.
Catletta, The
Carey, Mat (of Carey & Lee)
Covella, Chas.
Creswell, Prof. A. (2)
Clarke, Kit
Collom, Andy
Collins Brothers
Chapman, W. C.
Colborn, Chas. E.
Cain, Geo. R.
Collins, E. S. or E. W.
Curren, Geo.
Colville, Sam'l (3)
Clarke, Ed. (2)
"Clipper Quartette"
Courtright, Billy
Cordova, Harry (2)
Clark & Tracey
Courterer, Carter
Conard, Frank
Coy, Frank
Clark, Willis
Callender, Chas.
Cooke, Prof. H.
Conard, Frank
Coy, Frank
Clark, Willis
Callender, Chas.
Chesney & Harrier
Crane, Wm.
Covert, C. H.
Cecil, Prof. A. A.
"C. W."
Carroll Brothers
Cummings, Billy
Collins, Charlie
Cooper & Jackson
DeEstro, — (magician)
Drumond, Chas.
Dale, D. W.
DeHaven, G. W.
Ducrow, Chas.
Dixon, Henry
DuRell, Edwin
Dewyer, Jerry D.
De Were, C.
Davenport, Geo.
Davies, Tom
Dunne, John H.
Daytons, The
Duffy, Will J.
Demoth, Fleury
Davis, Harry
Donavins, Geo. B.
Donohue, James
DeJarnette, Ned
Dearin, Sam
Early & Evans
Edwards, J.
Eldridge, C. E.
Edwards & Gaylor
Ennis, John (3)
Ellis, Geo.
Emery, Wm.
Engleston, C. W.
Eberle, C. F.
Frye, Chas. S.
Fenton, John F.
Fay, John
Fynan & Enson
Ferguson & Mack (2) 13c.
Fierce, Louis
Field, Alf.
Forrester, Wm.
Foote, Wm.
Fields & Nealle
Fostelle, Chas.
Francknm, G. W.
Ford, Thos.
Flemming, Chas. G
Fursman, Geo. (2)
Fisher, J. B. (2)
Furgerson, H. J.
Fulliford, Chas. E.
Forepaugh, Adam (2)
Fitzpatrick, J. H.
Fleury, Fernando
Frazier, Rofut.
Flynn, J. (circus and N. Flynn)
Florance, Wm.
Fenton, Dan
Gaston, Jr.
Gales, Thos. (3)
Greene, C. H.
Gildersleeve, Mr.
Girard, Wm.
Gallagher, Wm. (2)
Graham, R. E.
Gale, George
Gallagher, Michael
Goodyear, Chas.
Gorman Bros.
Gibbons, F. A.
Gerard & Turner
Gerry, D. S.
Gardiner, Ed.
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Gaston, Geo.
Gorman, M. J. (2)
Gibbons, Phil
Gray, C.
Haverly's Widow Bedott Co.
Hague, Jr., Sam
Haycroft, Roger
Holcombe, Joseph
Haley, Thos.
Hayden, Wm.
Hagaderm, C. G.
Hall, Ben
Hilliard & Demott
Holmes, John W.
Hernandez, Prof.
Hengician
Hutchinson, J. W.
Hicks, Sid S.
Herts, Harris (3)
Hart, Joe
Howard & Sanford
Height, Andrew
Hallen & Hart
Heidler, J. W.
Healy, John E.
Howard, Edward
Hertell, Frank
Harris, W. C.
Hearne, James
Hall, Alfred
Harris & Wood (2)
Hagar & Colvin
Harrington, J. C.
Heiser, Chas.
Hudson, Harry
Herbert, Chas.
Howe, Delbert
Hall, H. F.
"J. D." (2)
Jones, Frank 9c.
Jarrett, H. C.
Jackson, Theodore
James, G. T.
Jasper, Thos.
Kine Bros.
Khrone, Fred
Keefe, J. F.
Kendall, H. A.
Keeler, F. A.
Kendall, H. A.
Klein, Gus
Kosure & Lamond
Kernells, The
Kalur, Moses G.
Kelley, Thos. C.
Leon, Harry
Lang, Sam & Dollie
Lawrence, Geo. W.
Lorella, T. A.
Lorella, J. C.
Laine, J. H.
Lawrence, Mr.
Lawton, Frank
Leland, Smith
Lehmber, D. W. (2)
Lavander & Price
Lewis, Jno. E. (2)
Lee, Will
Leroy, Frank
Lloyd, Harry
Lahale, A.
Lindley, Harry
Lyrely, W. H.
Lawton, Alf.
Leland, Matt
Leunox, Jr., Walter
Lee W. (of Baker & Lee)
Leary, Thos.
Levoy, Ace
Leonard, J. F.
Lent, L. B.
Leonia, B. W.
Leroux, Chas.
Madigan, E. H.
Mack, W. Tyler
Millson, Wm.
Marsh, W. L.
McCarthy, Chas.
McDonald, Chas.
Murphy, John E.
Milton, Billy
Morris, Frank
Mullen, Harry
Miller, H. C.
Morris, Jas. A.
Morton, Thos.
Morse, H. M. "Musical"
Middaugh, T. D.
Monroe, Geo.
Mayo, Frank (2)
Mcintire, R. M.
Main & Sargent
Mack, J. H.
Marren, Andy
McNish, F. E. (2)
McEntosh, Thos.
Manning, — (of Mann, & Drew)
Moore, John
Murray, J. W.
McIntyre & Heath
Mack, J. W.
McDowell, Alf.
McGlossen, G. H.
Mack, Phil
Miller, Joaquin 9c.
Morrissey, James (agent) 9c.
Morgan, Ed.
Morrison, Louis
Marks, Harry
Meiville, Chas.
Miller, W. A. (2)
Middleton, Geo. W.
Morton & Miles
Millizan & Quinlan
Magee, Clem
Milligan, Billy
McCartney, H. J.
Maginley, Ben (2)
McAdow, D.
Murray, J. H. (circus)
McCarthy, Chas. (Chinese "bix")
Nolan, Jno. C.
"Nonsensical Four"
Narcross, J. M.
Nobles, Milton
North, L. J.
Northrup, C. L. (2)
Noyes, J. S. 5c.
Nelson, Wm. O.
Minstrels
Williams, Gus
Wilton, Jos.
Wayne & Lawrence
Walteer, Robt.
Yager, Sam
"Young Man"

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Erie (Pa.) Post-office for Geo. W. Humphrey, Manager Rose Eytinge's Combination, Cyril Searle, Clarance Montague, Estelle Potter, and Prof. Herrmann.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may receive upon a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.)

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please write all routes ahead of combinations upon **separate pieces of paper**, instead of embodying them in your letters.

A. B., Utica.—You have not quoted it correctly, and it had no reference to Roscoe Conkling or the Utica along the line of the N. Y. Central. It appeared originally in Jonathan Swift's "Battle of the Books" thus:

"No pen but up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."

Almost every body now adays falls, as you do, into the mistake of putting "our" in place of "your."

HAMBURG.—We do not believe that a complete triple somersault has ever been accomplished. It has been claimed for one who could not make the claim themselves, because they broke their necks, that they did it; but the breaking of their necks is proof that they must, unless they were extremely heavy men, have made either more than three complete revolutions, or not so many.

J. A., Fayette.—1. It was William Harris who traveled with Maggie Mitchell. 2. He was with her combination for several years, but left the close of last season, and has since become her brother-in-law. Address him in care of this office, or else watch our columns for the whereabouts of Maggie Mitchell, and address him in her care.

C. H. Z., Lancaster.—1. It is a matter of individual opinion. Some people would prefer Booth's Hamlet, and others sigh for Irving's. 2. For the same reason, this has also to be a matter of opinion. 3. England furnishes more of some kinds, and this country more of other kinds. Here we trot and play ball, while in England they hunt and play whist.

ISABELLA, Strathroy.—We cannot undertake to give endorsements. That which was an perfectly sound last week may be fragile next week, and the fact that you would be unlikely to take into consideration were you to venture out on the strength of our endorsement and have to walk home. You might blame our judgment.

WEEKLY READER, Philadelphia.—1. We do not know how you can get their address unless by reading our paper and catching them as they fly. 2. They will be forwarded promptly so far as THE CLIPPER is concerned. It would be useless for parties to send, or them after we have advertised them.

M. M., Louisiana.—1. See columns of regular answers. 2. It is a matter of opinion which is the better tragedian. Even if anybody should form an opinion, it would be worthless from the fact that, since the two men are wholly unlike in style, their merits or defects cannot be compared.

W. C., Jersey City.—Hughey Boughert was announced to perform with Bryant's Minstrels, Twenty-third street, on June 1, 1874, for the benefit of Nelse Seymour, and he probably so performed. He was endman throughout the season of Bryant's (Neil's) Minstrels at the Globe, Broadway.

T. A. S., Providence.—We do not wish anything of that kind left to our decision, unless the amount in dispute is stated, and then the chances are that a decision will not be justifiable. Song-and-dance performers, as well as Dutch comedians, get all the way from twenty dollars a week to about one hundred.

C. B., Pittsburg.—There is no book that gives the names of all the theatrical managers in the United States. Address John S. Jeffery, *Evening Journal*, Chicago, as to his Amusement Guide, which probably comes nearer than anything else to what you want.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Canton.—1. About twenty-five dollars a week. 2. To see that lithographs are distributed, the same as programmes.

NO SIGNATURE, Chicago.—The last we heard of them was a few weeks ago, when they were traveling under the auspices of some literary bureau. Keep scanning our amusement columns, which may mention them this week, for aught we can now say.

E. M. S., Gloucester.—1. No. There are more professionals at this than can thrive. 2. Advertise for a position. The pay varies greatly, in accordance with the qualifications of the assistant and the reputation of the principal. 3. Robert Heller's original surname was understood to be Palmer.

D. G. B., Altoona.—Miss Katharine Rogers is English, has been married, and is still before the public. With her home life we have nothing to do, and therefore must decline to give you the names of her husband and her children.

S. A., Chicago.—Inquire at the box-office of Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, which has a gallery with a capacity that makes us tremble, and which has been altered several times. The Philadelphia Academy of Music seats 2,854.

BIJU, Chicago.—Which one will you have? There have been several versions of "Rip Van Winkle," from Bayle Bernard's to Robert McWade's. If you mean the one played by Jefferson of late years, it is by Dion Boucicault.

A READER.—We cannot do that. It is private business. Perhaps you fancy that the figures that are made known every now and then in the daily newspapers are the actual gross receipts. One time they are apt to be.

ADIPSO, Toronto.—1. There have been several such works published; but the demand for them is so slight that they are not kept "up to the times." 2. About twenty-five dollars a week, if the company is a good one.

R. S. P., Fordham.—Delehanty and Hengler did "Shoo Fly" with Bryant's Minstrels. Dan Bryant and Dave Reed took it up after the retirement of Delehanty and Hengler from the troupe.

J. H. H., Wilkesbarre.—There are a number of teachers in this city. It is against our rule to recommend anyone, as that, in case you should fail to be benefited, you could not reflect in any wise upon our judgment.

STEADY READER, Brooklyn.—1. We should advise you to be a musician. The profession is overstocked for a time, but the life of the regular musician has got to last. 2. We do not know when they made their first appearance.

C. V. H., Cedar Falls.—All their whereabouts are not given in our amusement columns in the course of any three or four consecutive weeks, the presumption is that they are not intact.

F. H. M., Baltimore.—The objections are that such paper may fall into other hands, and be used without your knowledge; or possibly be imitated.

I. O. U.—Sarah Bernhardt a year or two ago began the study of English, and she can converse sparingly in that language.

E. F., Boston.—Advertise for an engagement. The salary of such with a traveling theatrical company varies from $15 or about $25 per week.

W. S. W., New Bedford.—We do not believe that anyone ever in public turned a complete triple somersault from a springboard.

F. H. W., Rochester.—The late W. R. Floyd played Miles Na Coppaleen in the "Colleen Bawn," as well as other Irish characters.

P. L. C., Baltimore.—F is wrong. Levy the cornet player traveled with the Adelaide Phillipps Concert Troupe in the Winter of 1870-71.

W. F., Augusta.—From $6 to $15 per week would be a fair idea. Leader about $25.

MRS. F. W. C., Seneca Falls.—Amy Stone is playing in Newark, N. J., this week.

SUBSCRIBER, Louisiana.—We have not, nor do we require one.

P. S. M., New Britain.—John H. Murray's Circus is at the Aquarium this city.

ROWLAND T.—The Crystal Palace, this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858.

G. W. M., Rutland.—Read our amusement columns. Their whereabouts are given three times every week.

THEATRE GOER, Boston.—It was early in 1871 that Miss Isabella Glyn gave readings in this city.

H. E. C., Brooklyn.—A corps of twelve clog-dancers appeared at Tammany Hall, this city, in 1869.

C. W. K., Chicago.—George Kurtz and Nellie Brookes are husband and wife, we understand.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—J. K. Emmet was born in St. Louis.

MCM.—You can address those performers in care of THE CLIPPER Post-office.

W. M. B. F., Ambabula.—Address him in care of THE CLIPPER Post-office.

C. St. C., Canton.—Press-agents attend to the advertising in newspapers.

P. C., Danville.—1. About fifty or sixty dollars for short engagements. 2. See the card of Peck & Snyder.

F. R., Baltimore.—You can get that drama for fifteen cents of Ed. Jansen, whose card see.

J. & R., Philadelphia.—Address in care of THE CLIPPER.

H. B. M., Buffalo.—Write him in care of THE CLIPPER.

J. F. L., Buffalo.—There is a play called "Article 47."

D. D. C., Boston.—Inquire of the agents in Boston.

R. C. D.—Master Barney is living, and also playing.

W. F. P., Lowell.—We have not her address.

G. W. B.—We do not know his address.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 17, '81.

Well, our theatrical managers are offering us some "new and novel" attractions this week, and any man or woman who cannot find something in the general bill-of-fare to please him or her is only fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. We don't know when so many good things have been presented at the same time, and now that sleighing is wiped out, skating cut up beyond recognition, and a new ordinance against any further dropping of beautiful snow in the metropolis put into operation, the theatres have the field all to themselves, while roadhouses, stables and skate emporiums mourn the hopes departed. Business at the theatres was fairly remunerative last week, no luck was broken by any drain upon its vaults by theatre-goers. Theatre-parties are coming into play again; it's a pleasant way of entertaining one's friends, and is cheaper than a German or a luncheon. The great objection to such parties is that there is entirely too much conversation going on among the invited guests while the play is in progress, and there is generally one person in the crowd who knows all about the play and the players, and who tells the others who is to come on next, and what he or she will say—giving, in fact, the plot of the play, and thereby interfering with the enjoyment of the polite hearers. One of these party persons became so noisy in his diffusion of useless information last week that it was excusable in one of our sons of toil in the upper-circle when he solemnly asked "what he was fired out in" No, Jimmy; these theatre-parties do not carry their lunch with them, but satisfy themselves with the intellectual pabulum provided by the performers. These parties are just as fashionable on the east side of town as on the Broadway slope, the only difference being that in the former the man who gives the party likewise furnishes peanuts on the half shell free to all. The Jim boy favors the latter policy.....Why doesn't somebody walk on a tight-rope stretched across Broadway from the Astor House to *The Herald* building? A free exhibition of this sort would just jam that spot like shad-roes, and a good collection might be taken up without difficulty. We haven't had anything like that for several years, and now is the time to start a ropewalk on Broadway.....They say that J. T. Raymond contemplates an early retirement from the eye-water business, sore eyes being nothing like so numerous as they formerly were, while artificial eyes have become more general since Col. Sellers introduced his cure for all impediments in the eye.....Frank Ufner and his midgets have "caught on" in London, where they are carrying all before them. Verily, the midgets are mitey, and must prevail.....To be frank with our correspondent, we would state that we do not believe that a Chinese theatre would meet with favor in this city. It would take so long to instruct our citizens in the Chinese language that the theatre would burst up long before our people had progressed further than their a-b-abs. Better give up the idea of a Chinese theatre, and start a Chinese pagoda in front of St. Paul's Church.....Wouldn't it be a vast concern were Manager Haverly to unite his two Mastodon troupes, and make another raid upon All-England? Solid shouters to the front. Go 'long!.....We always feel at home when we are dealing with big subjects. That is why, at this precise point, we will proceed to say a few words of digression, and take up Chang. This giant objects as a rule to being measured. However, we imagine he won't carry his objections so far as to take offense at being put into measure by us—rhythmic measure, you know.

TO CHANG.

Whang! Bang! Hail to great Chang!
What thoughts doth thu massive Mongolian inspire!
Standing nine feet, or possibly higher,
He draws while on earth, confidently nigher
The realms celestial than some may get
Even after they've ceased in the body to fret!
To be of all human creation men the truest,
To feel, when the jig is up, that the jigrist
Will not be forgotten by time's whirligiggist—
Verily, greatness like this fattigues!
The soul-stirring sights given at Barnum's show are not merely contemporaneous!
And, ther, to be modest as well as great—
To firmly refuse (on religious views)
To be measured in either shoes or shoes!
Although we're aware such reluctance is
By no means new in the giant biz,
Yet it shows that Chang, while he lives by his height,
Has still his own notions of what is right,
And he doesn't want the public to see
Just how high he may happen to be!

.....And now they are raising giants way down in Alabam; they commenced on a boy only twelve years old, and they have built him up to six feet in height, and his weight with his hat off is nearly four hundred pounds! Georgia has grown dependent since this fact was first made known.....Diamonds have evidently grown very scarce since the holidays set out, for very few actresses have been presented with five-thousand-dollar necklaces since New-Year's Day, and yet the ladies are just as fascinating as ever they were. Where are the diamond-brokers? Are they, too, broken up?.....It is not true that Fanny Davenport is trying to induce Anna Dickenson to write another new play for her. Not Annie for Fannie, you know.....Ignorant persons down South must not mistake the industrious song-and-dance man's grip-sack for the politician's carpet-bag. They are as widely opposite as the two ends of a circus centrepole.....An Irishman is one of a great medicine show doing the back counties. One day last week a jaundiced-looking deadhead called our Milesian friend a Paddy. "I'm all that," said he; "I'll live a Pad flook alive, now, and die—a Paddy."..... A snowman came into the sanctum the other day, and he says to us, says he: "I see them digging up the ground at the Madison-square Garden; are they going into the agricultural business?" "Yes; they are planting posts." [Nothwithstanding the other man laughed heartily at the pun, say for the life of us we fail to see anything funny in it. On the contrary, it hasn't as much point as the posts have.].....Mrs. Scott-Siddons was thrown out of a sleigh in Ohio one day last week. Great Scott! how she ranted.....Something on the quiet for you: Much has been said about the Abbott kiss—Emma Abbott the singer we mean—and a good deal of interest has been aroused in regard to Emma's method of giving and receiving a kiss. We have had many inquiries upon the subject: but, from lack of knowledge and experience, we have so been able to give a satisfactory solution of the problem. Well, Emma is in town; she is operating at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and we've a secret to impart; those who are really desirous of ascertaining the why and the wherefore and the modus operandi of the Abbott kiss should go to the stage-door of the theatre any night this week, make friends of the DRAYED Cerberus guarding the entrance, and ask his aid in procuring you an interview with Emma. Once in the presence of the lady, you will have no difficulty in gaining all the information you desire on the subject of the Abbott kiss. Will she show how it is done, and otherwise gratify your curiosity on the subject? We don't say that; but your errand will not be unproductive of good results. Emma is a little lady, and will no doubt answer all fair questions. Do not give us away; it is the gratification of our readers that prompts us to duty. Go early—stage-door; "see" the Cerberus—be bold and fear not! *Postscript.*—Later: Miss Abbott has a husband and a big dog! Beware of the dog!.....Pity for Frank Whittaker, everybody's friend. Frank has always been most outbrave, but to expect him to stand up against a huge freight-car was asking too much; he couldn't do it—he fell, had an arm crushed, and the injured portion was afterwards amputated. Frank has ever been genial and harmless. Now he is an armless one.....And talking about this veteran of the circus reminds us of a small boy, who, a few days ago in Washington, Pa., undertook to do a feat which was as dangerous as it was novel. This little boy, we wish you to understand, was not a circus actor, although he had seen nearly every show that made a stand at that place, and he became so infatuated with circuses and sideshows, and one-horse snaps combining a big snake and a hand-organ, or a sword-swallower and a hurdy-gurdy, that he longed to be a showman and with the showmen stand: so he used to go out in the woods and stand on his head for an hour at a time, or until some astonished passer-by would notice his act and give him three or four cents. This ambitious boy had once seen a man do the barrel feat, going up and coming down an inclined plane; this fired the youth's soul. He went into the woods where men were cutting big logs and rolling 'em down a hill; so, watching his chance, he mounted an awful heavy log just as it had been started on the down grade; it was too much for him—he lost his balance, was thrown in front of the log, and crushed to death. He plays circus no more.....A report has gained current that peanuts cause dyspepsia. If such a distressful rumor is meant to break up the peanut trade, it will fail in its intent. Small boys are the great consumers of peanuts, and they care no more for dyspepsia than they care for mumps. We got "Our Jim" to interview some of the leading lights, and he says that they go blind for peanuts, and if they can't get them without taking dyspepsia as well they will swallow both. Jim has no doubt that the murderous report was started by those capitalists who favor a three-per-cent. U. S. bond. These lines are by O. J.:

THE PEANUT.

It is a vegetable rare which grows upon a tree,
On branches high as Haman hung, which was a sight to see;
They first saw light in Ireland before potatoes grew,
And reached this country in the Fall of eighteen thirty-two.

'Twas in the grand Old Bowery they first gained name and fame—
When Thomas Hamblin was king-pin, we tell to you the same—
'Tween the acting and the craunching there wasn't no cake to sell,
And the boy who ate most peanuts was sure to take the cake.

[WRIT BY ME, "OUR JIM."]

.....Lester Wallack was acting last week in Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre, and on the evening of Jan. 12, on which day Genevieve Ward got the best of him in her "Forget-me-not" suit, an ambulance stood in front of the theatre as the people were coming out. "Hello! what's that for?" asked an anxious inquirer. "I guess it's to carry away the pieces; they say the star is all broke up," was the reply.....Mrs. Henderson has always been held up as a bright and shining light in the field of literature, as well as in the family circle; and as the true and devoted wife of Manager Henderson she has been looked up to as a model. But you can't always tell. Now, we do not wish to break the spell, nor snap the rosy chain by which Mr. and Mrs. H. have been so closely connected these many years; but we must, therefore we are constantly state that Mrs. Henderson, wife and mother, is about to commit "Bigamy"—to the tender mercy of a discerning public. [Explanation—Mrs. H. has written a *play* called "Bigamy," and it is to be produced at the Standard Theatre, here, this evening. Only this and nothing more!].....A fine set-to between Genevieve Ward on the one side and Theodore Moss and Lester Wallack on the other, the party of the first part gained first blood and first knock-down, and then the party of the second part hauled off "Forget-me-not" for repairs. The seance will be renewed early in February, at which time hostilities will be resumed with vigorousness, and "may the best woman win.".....Here is something that might be worked up to advantage by some one of our go-ahead American managers: Engage Henry Irving, Edwin Booth and Mrs. Kendall for a tour of this country; play them at popular prices, ten per cent. off for cash, and the show will at once kill all other road combinations. Such a string of combinations will not thank us for this suggestion of a great business enterprise; but we have the public's interest at heart, and therefore all other combinations must stand back. The strength of this organization might be made still stronger by the addition of Mary Anderson to its ranks.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Our foreign files record that a novel dinner was given Frank Uffner's Midgets in London on Christmas-day by Lord and Lady Londesborough at their residence in Berkley square. His lordship had the furniture, dishes and plates actually made specially for the size of the little people. The invites also corresponded, everything being of the most minute size.....It is intended that the bronze statue or bas-relief of Edgar Allan Poe, which the chairpolitic Republican Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of this city, shall cost about ten thousand dollars.....Henry C. Peakes has left the Strakosch & Hess Troupe, and is to appear with the Abbott galaxy of singers when they open in this city at the Fifth-avenue Theatre before Lewis was again ill last week. "No sooner up, than down again".....It is asserted by those who say that they have seen it that Mlle. Aimee will produce a ballet at the Paris Opera House, entitled "Les Pilules du Diable." The following dispatch: "The Archbishop of Montreal has excommunicated Scribe, Legouve, Jarrett and Sarah Bernhardt on account of the immorality of the comedy 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.'" Good! Let it to be hoped that this will be followed by the excommunication of Miss Fanny Davenport.....To close the estate of the late Charles Fechter, the actor, Mr. Kirby Jan. 10 sold four side-arms at auction. An antique Turkish yataghan, with a Damascus blade and jewelled hilt, and a Persian dagger, with a Damascus blade, richly inlaid with gold and silver, and with a sheath of ivory, inlaid in the carved handles, was sold for $21. An antique rapier, with burnished-steel mountings and a fish-skin scabbard, brought $22. A small stage-dagger, with a velvet and steel scabbard of antique form, was bought for $1.....P. T. Barnum, in talking the other day of his feelings during his recent severe illness, said: "I looked back, and could honestly say that I have done my duty by my fellowmen all my life. The folly, the stupidity of fooling away the few years given us here in childish strifes, bickerings and differences occurred to me so strongly that I resolved that the sun would never go down on my cherishing malice in my heart toward fellow-beings. This feeling led me to write to men in Bridgeport and elsewhere with whom I had differences—trivial, perhaps, but still sufficient to keep us apart—and they all returned the kindly greeting, and considerate spirit. This was very gratifying to me then, and is no less so now when I feel that I will remain on the earth a little longer, in connection with Miss Ellie Jewett, to do."..... The Charity Ball is fixed for Feb. 3, Academy of Music.....So much for living in Rome, instead of in Paris, or London, or maybe Chicago: Queen Margherita, of Italy, was entertained in Rome, the other evening, dressed in white satin, trimmed with gold and a profusion of pearls and diamonds. As the Queen alighted from her carriage the latter fell, valued at one hundred $1,000.....It was found by a policeman, who restored it, and who received a handsome present in return. The obelisk is to be placed upon its pedestal in Central Park on Jan. 22. Arrangements are being made for the event.....It is announced that D'on Boucicault, with his son Dot as a nucleus, proposes to form a company of young people and children, to tour the principal cities of the north both England and the United States. In other words, the project comprehends nothing less than a sort of training-school for the dramatic stage.....Daniel O'Neill, a temperance lecturer from Boston, died in Jersey City, and had been in this country but six months, died in the Presbyterian Hospital, here, Jan. 14, aged fifty years.....The industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society will be benefited by a concert that will be given in Metropolitan Concert Hall by the Ladies' Dramatic Union on Jan. 19.....The widow of Frederick Cameron, and mother of Isadora and Victorine Cameron, died in Paris on the 9th inst.....The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris was discontinued on Jan. 1. It had existed for about forty-five years.....On the 9th inst., Mrs. Scott-Siddons and Eau Claire, Wis., entertained Bjornsterne Bjornson at dinner.....Here is the old, old story once more. Marianne Brandt, the German prima donna, is such in public, but in private she is a plump couple who despised the stage and endeavored in every way to stop the young girl from becoming an opera-singer. It is true, that Marianne's mother began sewing in order to pay for her singing-lessons, and that when at last she trod the boards she took the name of "Brandt" out of regard for the thin skin and tender corns of her parents. Who dreads the name of "Bischoff" also, now that they apprehended would be failure and disgrace. Their daughter achieved success, notwithstanding the parental lack of faith. Her first appearing in public in a Viennese orch-estra, and had Pauline Lucca for companion.....The Lingards, Alice and William Horace, are expected home from Australia in a few days.....Miss Genevieve Ward will not appear in Boston during her season at the Boston Globe next month.....Signor Salvini is quoted as saying that for moral appreciation, thoroughly artistic appreciation, the audiences of Boston are better; but as enthusiastic audiences they do not compare with New York, where they are at once cosmopolitan and demonstrative.....Mrs. Scott Siddons is de trouse all over. She acts well, looks well, dresses well, has a rich, and on the whole well with or without rollers.....And now John Stetson has a fresh project. It is to make Salvini and Mary Anderson play together in "Othello" next month.....It was in the parlors of the lodgings of which Mr. Poe died.....The owners of the Duke's Theatre, London, are waiting for insurance companies to "pony up" before they open the house.....Signor Salvini has begun a series of performances in Brussels last week.....Daniel Frohman is recovering from diphtheria.....A concert for the benefit of the Workingwomen's Protective Union will be given on Jan. 25 at Steinway Hall.....Sara Heilbronn, sister of Marie, was on Jan. 3 to have been married to Sylvain Cohen-Cloot at one of the Synagogues in Paris.....Mlle. Bianchi is to leave Paris for St. Petersburg on Jan. 24.....It is regarded as somewhat doubtful if Lawrence Barrett will produce "Bankrupt," from Bjornson's "En Fallit," in Boston.....Minnie Hauck was to have begun an engagement at Nice on Dec. 30 as Mignon.....Mme. Provost-Ponsin resigned from the Comedie Francaise Dec. 24, owing to feeble health. She completed twenty years of service in August last, thus entitling her to a pension.....Miss Emma S. Howe of Boston will sing at Chickering Hall on the 23d, when Frederick Archer will give an organ and harmony recital. Albert Rubenstein, who was heard in London, Eng., in the Spring.....At last accounts Patti and Nicolini were at Nice.....Mrs. George Underhill of Boston will play the piano at Chickering Hall, Jan. 20.....Arrangements have been made by which Londoners will next season hear the distinguished German piano-player Sophie Menter.....Miss Fanny Ammar Andrews, who is associated with Miss Ettie Fowler Grant in "Bigamy," is a niece of Cornelius Mathews the dramatist.....*The Parisian* says: "Mme. Bertha Baldi, the Belgian singer, will shortly appear as Mathilde in 'Guillaume Tell.' This lady was a sort of companion to Mme De Lesseps in Egypt. She practiced public singing in Venezuela, and on her return Mme. De Lesseps obtained for her an engagement of three years at the Opera, Paris, at the progressive salary of twenty, thirty and forty thousand francs. People speak more kindly of her beauty than of her voice.....Miss Florence Conjeon is now giving piano lessons at the New York College of Music.....'Enoch Arden' is to again 'look for a ship' at Booth's Theatre, beginning Jan. 31.....It is given out by telegraphically to the press that the receipts of the Bernhardt season in America up to the close of last week, covering sixty-three performances, have been $227,459. Being too heavy to send over the wires, vouchers do not accompany these figures.....The Wilhelm Theatre, Berlin, has had to close on account of short patronage.....Miss Eugenie Simonson is to give a piano recital at Steinway Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 20.....Mlle. Marie Lloyd and Mlle Julia Bartet have been elected *sociataires* of the Comedie-Francaise.....Mlle Lloyd made her debut on Monday, Jan. 23, 1865.....Mlle. Bartet made her debut in "Daniel Rochat" Feb 16 1880.....On the night of the 15th inst., when Sarah Bernhardt appeared at Central Music Hall, Chicago, as a reader, for the benefit of the family of the late George B. Carpenter, the place was packed, and the lady's reception enthusiastic.....The house and barn at North Hatfield, Mass., occupied by the widow of James Fisk Jr., were burned on the night of the 14th. The loss in sheep, hay, grain, etc., was five thousand dollars.....Buffalo Bill and his pageant of Indians made a street-parade in this city on the afternoon of the 17th inst. A brass band floated majestically in advance in a four-wheeled wagon.....In Columbus, O., on Jan. 10, an Italian applied to the City physician for relief. He claimed to be a relative of the tragedian Salvini.....Mons. Le Lears, who moved from Brooklyn, N. Y., to West Troy in October last, and taught music in the latter place, died there on the 12th. He was seventy years of age, and a correspondent advises us that he claimed to have been the composer of the song "Rose of Sharon," and also of "Gen. Grant's March."..... Eugene Schmitt, leader of orchestra at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., was robbed, while asleep in his room on Jan. 13, of a gold watch valued at $250, a chain valued at $75, and a diamond ring that is said to have cost $200, besides other articles of jewelry belonging to his wife, as well as $100 in cash taken from his vest-pocket.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE THRONGS OF PEOPLE that have crowded Bunnell's Museum since our last report have been well entertained. The curiosities are numerous and the entertainments in the lecture-rooms are diverting.

ALL THAT NEED BE SAID about the Theatre Comique is that "The Mulligan Guards' Nominee" continues to please and attract large audiences.

W. S. KUSEL, business-manager of the "Constable Hook" Company, arrived Jan. 15. All left 17.

J. H. MILLER, Davenport Bebus, Nelly Bly and J. W. Simmons were to have left for San Francisco Jan. 17.

THE BURLESQUE of "Othello" is to be revived by the San Francisco Minstrels Jan. 17.

"THE BLACK VENUS" was acted for the first time in America in Niblo's

CONCERNING BOSTON THEATRICALS our correspondent writes as follows, under date of Jan. 15: "The exceedingly well-advertised drama of 'Hazel Kirke' has been played for the first times in Boston at the Park Theatre by the Madison-square Theatre Company. The audience was large Jan. 10, crowded 11, and so full has the theatre been since the latter date that the orchestra have been forced to leave their places to make seats for visitors. We may be hypercritical in the City of Notions, but success attained by the play in the metropolis has been attributed in a great measure to the new high-toned theatre, the $5,000-curtain and the double-back-action-elevator stage. Although the original New York cast was advertised, but five, we believe, were seen in their parts here—the Messrs. Couldock and Coleman, and the Misses Effie and Annie Ellsler and Cecile Rush. It is needless to say their acting was wholly excellent, and no better representatives of the characters could be asked for. Of the residue, W. J. Ferguson as Pittacus Green was deliciously droll and eccentric, and the rest, including Gustavus Levick, Henry Aveling, Edward H. Lee, Dora Leigh and Carrie Jamison, were letter and business perfect. The scene used in the first act was entirely new, and no more perfect rural exterior has ever been displayed on these boards. The only fault that can be found is that the engagement is too brief. Lawrence Barrett and company open in 'Yorick's Love' 17. During Mr. Barrett's second week at the Park Theatre he will play Richelieu, Hamlet, James Harebell, Shylock and David Garrick, possibly reserving for his third Bjornson's drama 'The Bankrupt,' adapted by Sylvester Baxter. r. C. Duff's version of 'Olivette' will follow on Feb. 7, performers being the same who are now singing the work in your city.....'Hazel Kirke' will be revived here at the close of the season.....Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin produce 'The Danies' here next month.....At each of the four last appearances of Salvini at the Globe Theatre the house was uncomfortably crowded. The programme included a representation of 'The Gladiator' 10, repetitions of 'Othello' 12 and matinee 15, and 'Ingomar' 14. Although Salvini had before performed 'The Gladiator' and 'Ingomar' during his second engagement in this city, seven years ago, they formed the novelties of the week. As the Gladiator the Italian evoked the greatest enthusiasm; the action in the arena scene was often interrupted by applause, and cries of 'Bravo' and cheers were lustily given. At the end of the act these manifestations were redoubled and the curtain was twice raised. No more perfect representative of the barbarian Ingomar could be asked for; it was a vivid embodiment of uncultured grace and freedom in the earlier acts and manly and submissive love in the latter. Salvini and company left for Montreal early on evening of 15, and a return engagement will be played in April, during which he will act Macbeth and Sullivan. 'A Debt of Honor,' Mr. Shewell's play, was given 11 and 13 to small houses, the theatre being closed afternoon of 12 and evening of 15. L. R. Shewell closed with the company 15, and his place as stage-manager and leading man will be filled by George C. Boniface, it is said. The cause of the change is that Manager Stetson was not satisfied with Mr. Shewell as an actor. The latter, who is very sensitive, wished to terminate his connection with the company in New York owing to uncomplimentary criticisms on his acting of Iago, and not wishing to receive the same treatment here, where he is so well known. He says Mr. Stetson prevailed upon him to continue, and until the Boston season all things were harmonious. During the sojourn of the company here it was personally notified by letter that his services would not be required after 15, to which a reply was given that he should hold him to his contract, which was to run five months. Mr. Shewell was told two weeks' notice was all that was necessary to cancel the engagement, and the controversy will finally be settled in the courts, both gentlemen having retained counsel. Mr. Shewell was in readiness to depart with the company when they left for Montreal, whither his trunk, containing his private wardrobe, had been sent by mistake, his theatrical baggage being refused to be taken by the baggage-master, and no ticket for his transportation there being provided.....Kate Claxton, supported by Charles A. Stevenson and her own dramatic company, play week of 17, opening in 'Snow-flower.' For their benefit 21 'Frou-Frou' will be given for the only time, and on afternoon and evening of 22 'The Two Orphans.' Marie Wilkins possibly appearing as Frochard. 24, Hoey & Hardie's Combination in 'Child of the State.' Feb. 7, Genevieve Ward in 'Forget-me-not,' supported by Frank Clements, Cora Tanner and Miss Leclair. The question as to the ownership of the right to this play in America is not yet settled. The latest claimant is James H. Meade, who says the authors vested their rights in the piece to Mr. Eldridge of this city some six years ago, and since the controversy has arisen regarding it he purchased the play from Mr. Eldridge, and now proposes to enjoin any who perform it, including Lester Wallack and Miss Ward.....Salvini's receipts during his engagement here are reported to be as follow: Jan. 3, $2,897.50; 5, $2,468; 7, $2,119.50; matinee 8, $3,126.50; 10, $2,547; 12, $3,302.50; 14, $2,725.50; matinee 15, $3,407.50, making a total of $22,894.....Smith & Mestayer's 'Tourists in a Pullman Palace-car' closed their three weeks' engagement at the Gaiety Theatre 15 with the five hundredth performance of the piece and its eightieth in this city, to a continuance of very large houses. Among the features introduced in the second act was a burlesque scene from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with the gentle Mestayer as Eva, who fairly outrivaled his brother-mastodon Fortesque. The Luncheon Chorus from 'The Spectre Knight' and a new vocal medley called 'The Tourists' March' were also given for the first times. The old favorites 'Trial by Jury' and 'H. M. S. Pinafore' are to be revived 17 and week by Henri Laurent's Original Fifth-avenue Opera Company, composed of Henri Laurent, Blanche Corelli, Lillie West, Annie Guenthner, Helen Mortimer, Percy J. J. Cooper, James Sturges, Fred H. Frear, William Lnard, Harry Brown, Harry Haskell, and James Henry. A new deck-Scene, painted by Albert Emperti, will be shown for the first time. 24, Jay Rial's ideal 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with the five Siberian bloodhounds.....A version of 'Olivette' is soon to be presented here by Henri Laurent and company.....The seventh week of the run of 'The Guv'nor' at the Boston Museum, commencing 10, was broken in upon by the benefit of William Warren, which occurred evening of 15. 'My Son' was selected, with Mr. Warren as Herr Weizel, Mr. Haworth as Rudolph, and Miss Bartlett as Clara, hitherto played by Miss Clarke. The house was crowded to repletion.....Rose Temple has the measles, and a great many of them; consequently she is excused, and her part of Barbara in 'The Guv'nor' has been assumed by Kate Ryan. 'The Guv'nor' for yet another week, excepting evening of 22, when Annie Clarke benefits, offering 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Oliver Twist.'.....'The False Friend' Combination, under the management of A. M. Palmer, are soon to appear in this city..... The accident to J. Leslie Gossin is more serious than at first supposed; he may have to lose a joint of the middle finger of the right hand.....Harry Bloodgood was one of the lobbyites at the Globe Theatre 11.....Arthur Everett Leach, particularly well known in dramatic circles, first as an ex-amateur actor and for the past eighteen months as a journalistic correspondent, was assaulted in a resort for the profession afternoon of 14 by Edwin Byron, better known perhaps as the Boy Tragedian. The latter took umbrage at some very personal remarks made upon him by the first-named gentleman in his weekly writing, and took upon himself the onus of chastising the scribe, which he did in a mild manner. Mr. Leach was met on the street the following day, apparently no worse for the encounter.....The Madison-square Theatre Company have volunteered their services and will play 'Hazel Kirke' for the benefit of the Associated Charities in one of our theatres 24.....E. H. House has been paying Boston a visit the past week.....J. J. Sullivan has again been at home during the past few days.....Lucette Webster and company are to appear in 'Invalid Pupils,' for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society, in their rooms afternoon of 20.....Mrs. Rachel Cantor the actress had her pocketbook and its contents stolen from her on the afternoon of 15.....The Favorites are soon to play an engagement in this city. .....The Vokes Family commence their American engagements under the management of John Stetson in March, and are due at the Globe Theatre in April.....In regard to the debt for which Harry Bloodgood was arrested some few weeks ago in Portland, Me., he is reported as saying that it was none of his, but one for billposting in Rockland for which Thayer, Smith & Moulton are responsible. A suit for false arrest and imprisonment will be brought against the parties. His Happy Thought Combination will come together again and fill the Western dates originally made. .....Pearl Evtinge, who has been performing at the Howard Athenæum the past week, has been so ill that on several evenings she fainted during the performance, unknown to the audience, however."

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, was well patronized the past week, the regular night and Wednesday and Saturday matinee bill being "Masks and Faces," which was excellently rendered. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons W. S. Gilbert's "Sweethearts" and "The Weddingmarch" were given. Chas. D. Herman, a member of the company, benefited Jan. 11, the attraction being the first, second, third and fourth acts of "Camille" and the whole of "The Rough Diamond." House big. Mr. Herman was repeatedly called before the curtain, and received many baskets of fruit and flowers. A handsome silver goblet lined with gold was also handed up to him over the footlights. At the end of the third act of "Camille" he was called on for a speech, and responded in a few well-chosen words, thanking his friends for their attendance and applause. The attractions for this week will be "Eustache Baudin" every evening and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and "Our Boys" other afternoons. Jay Hunt, a member of the stock company, benefited Jan. 14, to a good house, the bill consisting of the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons," the whole of "Our Boys," and "The Dead Shot."..... Jas. W. Reynolds, stage-manager, will benefit afternoon and night of Jan. 21, when among the volunteers will be W. E. Sheridan, Geo. H. Griffiths and Simon Hassler, by permission of manager Charles S. Morley of the Chestnut-street Theatre; and Otis A. Skinner, by permission of Tompkins and Hill of the Boston Theatre. Simon Hassler will conduct a large orchestra, who will perform a favorite overture on the stage. The bill is not yet announced, but it will include the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," and will introduce the entire Museum company.....Esther Williams, soubrette of the company, will benefit shortly, when she contemplates putting up "A Scrap of Paper" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing."

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., N. C. Goodwin's "Froliques" closed a season of four nights and a matinee Jan. 14 to good business. Owing to lameness, say our corresponddnt, "Mr. Goodwin was unable to play his part in his usual manner. The rest of the company filled their parts satisfactorily.....The testimonial benefit to Manager John T. Macauley by our leading citizens took place 15 before a crowded audience. The programme was made up almost entirely of local talent. Among the volunteers were Company C, Louisville Legion, Mrs. Nettie Johnson, the Louisville Amateur Orchestra, Miss Currie Duke, Mr. and Mrs. Honeyton, Miss R. Forst, T. S. Evans, the Louisville Light Artillery, C. J. Colgan of Indianapolis, Mrs. Katie Elliott-Upperman, Prof. Hugo Wiltgenstein and daughter Martha of Cincinnati.....Booked: Leavitt's English Opera-burlesque Company 17, three nights and a matinee; Selena Fetter's debut 20, to continue two nights and a matinee.....The Opera-house was closed during the week. Booked: The 'One Hundred Wives' Combination 17, 18, 19; Jarrett & Rice's 'Fun on the Bristol' 20, for three nights and a matinee."

THE "LEGION OF HONOR" was presented at the Providence Opera-house Jan. 12, 13, 14, 15.

THE PITTSBURG (PA.) LODGE OF ELKS enjoyed a social entertainment the night of Jan. 9. An orchestra of twenty pieces, under Prof. George Search, furnished the music. Niles and Evans, Al. W. Filson, Prof. Herrmann, Harry Allen, J. H. Fitzpatrick, and a local glee club furnished the entertainment. The hall was crowded. At eleven o'clock "Old Lang Syne" concluded the festivities. .....Manager Fullwood of Library Hall returned from Chicago Jan. 13....."My Partner" opens for one week at the Opera-house Jan. 17, followed by "The Galley Slave" 24.

THOMPSON'S COMBINATION performed in Stamford, Ct., Jan. 10, Bridgeport 11, Danbury 12, Norwalk 13, New Haven 14, Ansonia 15, going thence to Waterbury 17, Hartford 18, Springfield, Mass., 19, Holyoke 20, Northampton 21, Worcester 22.

M. B. LEAVITT'S ENGLISH OPERA-BURLESQUE TROUPE produced "Orpheus, or Plutonic Affection," in New Orleans, La., Jan. 6.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE, No. 2, B. P. O. OF ELKS, had a social session at its lodge-room Jan. 16.

Continued on page 346.

AMUSEMENTS.

STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND 33D STREET.
WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
Monday evening, Jan. 17, first production, after weeks of careful preparation, of the new society play in five acts, entitled BIGAMY, BIGAMY, By Ritie Henderson and Fannie Aymer Mathews, with Ada Dyas, Louise Sylvester, Mrs. Farren, Ernestein Floyd, Eben Plympton, J. W. Shannon, etc., in the cast. [1t

HAVERLY'S 14TH-ST. THEATRE
Corner Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.
J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager
MONDAY, JAN. 17, TWO WEEKS ONLY,
HAVERLY'S ORIGINAL
WIDOW BEDOTT COMEDY COMPANY,
with the popular comedian MR. CHAS. B. BISHOP as the indomitable Widow, supported by a Company of Superior Excellence.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. 44-1t

HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S-GARDEN THEATRE.
Every evening until further notice.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
Kirally Bros.' Grand Spectacle of Adolphe Belot's Drama,

A Journey into	BLACK VENUS.	A den of
Central Africa	BLACK VENUS.	Bengal Tigers
up the Nile.	BLACK VENUS.	on the stage.

Camels, Zebras, Sacred Cows, Donkeys, Horses, Goats, Sheep, etc., etc., etc.
A sight never before witnessed on any stage. 44-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
EVERY EVENING.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, MATINEES. 44-1t

ABBEY'S (NEW) PARK THEATRE.
MONDAY, JAN. 17,
and Every Evening until further notice, will be presented Mr. J. C. DUFF'S version of the reigning London musical sensation, entitled
OLIVETTE. OLIVETTE.
Opera Comique in three acts.
MUSIC BY AUDRAN.
New Scenery and Costumes and a Perfect Cast.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 44-1t

DALY'S THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND 30TH STREET.
Tuesday night at 8. Prices: $1.50, $1, 75c. and 50c.
ZANINA,
OR THE ROVER OF CAMBAYE.
Augustin Daly's Spectacular, Musical, Comedy Novelty, with a chorus of 70, a Star Company and the
FAMOUS NATCH DANCERS.
FIRST MATINEE
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19, AT 2 44-1t

HAVERLY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
ONLY TWO WEEKS—
EMMA ABBOTT
GRAND ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY.
Monday and Saturday Evenings, "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL." Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, "PAUL AND VIRGINIA." Wednesday Matinee, "FRA DIAVOLO." Wednesday Evening, "MARTHA." Friday Evening, FIRST TIME, GOUNOD'S Immortal Opera, "ROMEO AND JULIET." 44-1t

MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE.
Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.

HAZEL KIRKE.	LONGEST RUN	HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.		HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.	12TH MONTH.	HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.		HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.	12TH MONTH.	HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.		HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.	ON RECORD.	HAZEL KIRKE.

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THIRD MONTH OF
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WEDNESDAY MATINEES. [44-1t] SATURDAY.

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FIELDS and LESLIE, BEANE and GILDAY,
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KITTY McDERMOTT.
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played FRITZ IN IRELAND to $1,760 (without a Wednesday matinee) more than his largest engagement heretofore in Brooklyn. The week of Jan. 3

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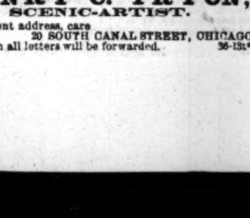

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